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NARRAGANSETT;

OR,

THE PLANTATIONS:

A Story of 177—.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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NARRAGANSETT;

OR,

THE PLANTATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

On the northern shore of Rhode Island, then a small colony, now an allied state, one bright winter's morning in the year 177—, a young man was wending his way on foot, along the road that, following the eastern side of the island, leads to the town of Newport, situate near its southern end. His dress did not bespeak him one of gentle degree, nor yet the contrary; for in those days outer marks were not so trustworthy as now. The colonial magnates, with few exceptions, livers in the country, though knowing how to put on as well as put off more cunning apparel, affected for

part of the day at least a garb that did not distinguish them from coarser human material. The youth wore long grey stockings, as did everybody else, and these, as was the custom of his neighbourhood when abroad in cold weather, were indued with two or three rolls of stout woollen, as cloth is wound round a spindle. His neck was muffled in a tippet of red yarn, and head topped, instead of its usual triangular felt, with a seal-skin cap, then regarded, though perhaps unknown to the wearer, as suspicious and innovating, if not a badge of obnoxious politics.

Harvey Church, for so he was named, would not have been taken, however, by any one having a knowledge of the land for other than he was—he was plainly a colonial gentleman, and the offspring of one. He carried a rifle with an air that argued him familiar with its use, and an ox-horn in lieu of a powder flask—an equipment not unusual, when instances of Indian outrage were still fresh in the recollection of old people, and sometimes talked of by the young. Moreover, he had the friend of man in his train, in this instance a protector,

rather low in figure, but stout in muscle, with flattened features, and front legs so much inclined to the bow shape, that a small cannon-ball might have passed between them without injury to either. He was a dog of character, indeed of a brave intelligent spirit, adequate to all services perhaps but the diplomatic, and his name was Flog.

The day was clear and frosty. A slight fall of snow over night had laid the ground with a fleecy covering, which the wind that then prevailed, but had since fallen to a perfect calm, had swept from the more exposed points. The woods were mostly stripped of their leaves; the beech, the elm, the sycamore, and oak were left naked and defenceless against the rigours of the season, but the juniper and pine were clothed with a dark green, as if their juices were still flowing and active. The shallows about the bridge the youth had passed over in coming from the opposite shore, were covered with many waterfowl; diving out of sight into the icy waters, or sailing about in small detachments, with head erect and watchful of alarm. While further

down the strait, a party of grey or brown gulls were attacking a shoal of fish, whose whereabouts was marked by the rippled surface, now pausing with lingering neck and outstretched wings on the liquid pool, and now rising into the air in order again to be in advance of the flying prey.

Our traveller had got several miles on his journey, lost in the self-forgetfulness a fine day and the quiet of the country are apt to bring the lonely walker. Flog felt, like his master, the best effects from the keen air and beauteous prospect. He thought he would like to take a good long run down the meadows to their left, but had just settled in his mind that, when they reached Divine's farm-yard, he would step in for a moment, upset the big fellow that lived there, and lay his paw on his throat if he could catch him. As it was, he ran far ahead or loitered long behind, but chiefly seemed to get on by going back, without regard to the increase of the travel, while the commonest objects excited his interest or curiosity, with as little heed for the loss of time. If his researches savoured of the kind

termed grovelling, his master's glance wandered higher and farther, and thus enabled the latter to descry far on the left two little black dots hovering at a great height over the arm of the sea that penetrated the land in that direction, and which, falling and rising by turns, but keeping the same distance between them, swayed first one way and then another from the vertical.

By degrees, as the singular appearance came nearer this side of the land, both objects it seemed rose and fell by a spiral motion, and shortly it was plain that a great bird soaring above another waited only opportunity to drop to its quarry. Indeed when nearly in a line, though at a giddy height above the observer, both, with the swiftness of a newly launched arrow, aimed at the very centre of the earth, with a force that almost promised to reach there; but before touching its surface even, the fugitive, with a loud scream, swerved to one side, and vanished in the distance; while his oppressor, wounded by a gun shot, came tumbling to the ground. It was a large eagle, not yet republican, that, having more

liking for fish than skill in fishing, was minded to fill his want by unjust appropriation from the more practical hawk. And the latter must have been an equally stable lover of fin and back-bone, to clutch his prize so long as he did, at such a peril, until a few yards divided him from the ground and still fewer from his foe.

Flog was by no means an unadmiring spectator of the incident, though a certain incompleteness of purpose showed that he found it something out of his ordinary range; but he failed not to express that this new instance of prowess raised his master in his opinion. He bent his steps towards the new comer, who lay stricken but not conquered, intending to test his constitution by the process he had so often lately applied to a dull insensible stone, or other object of the ground scenery. But a remarkably undaunted eye made him forego the purpose. Turned from his object by what seemed an unassailable mystery, he found a little further off an orgasm such as he had not often met with in his land investigations before. He essayed to mouth it, as

was usual with him in like cases, and finding that possible, carried it to lay at his master's feet.

It is the fish, good dog, said his master, and a heavy one too for a hawk to hold so long. No, he continued, as he eyed the majestic sufferer, whose dropping wing and stained feathers bespoke a sad distress, not if your mother's life depended upon it. Do not touch him Flog, we will give the brave fellow a chance for life. I will just lift him out of the road, and then leave him to care for himself.

This injunction seemed to Flog a needless one; for at the moment the dog was hanging his head in shame, at having at last encountered a creature before whom his onset must give pause. But he was comforted by the belief that his late rebuff had escaped the notice of one whose good opinion was bread and pocket-money to him; and further, to find his master's purpose presently meet with a firm rebutter not less effective than what had lately denied his own, for it now appeared that the heraldic bird, not content to be looked at, absolutely disdained to be touched

at any less price than a bloody combat. Well, said his victor, you deserve to have your fish at any rate, and tossing it towards him, in a kindly way added, You have my best wishes, old fellow; take care of the foxes; and left him.

As their walk continued, it was soon to appear that Flog's nature had not changed, however thrown out of gear by an exceptional case. While he was again for the fiftieth time nosing some matter on the side of the road that after all did not prove of much importance, his master was confronted by a strange wayfarer. This was a man whose years appeared to exceed threescore, but one was led to magnify their number, simply from a suspicion that his iron frame had resisted time, as it seemed adapted to resist most other things. The face was not threatening, but neither social nor friendly. His uncombed locks were straight and flowing, a stubbly beard had come of neglect rather than design, a lank square-tailed coat had several shreds besides its natural division, a decaying large-brimmed hat overhung shaggy eyebrows, a

tattered stocking ill defended one leg, but the other braved the cold with its covering gathered round the ankle. Of his shoes, one retained a buckle but the other seemed to have worn away from its ornament. If his body was poverty-stricken, his soul might have worse distresses, and though with a solid strength that seemed equal to most dangers, his restless eye appeared to be constantly shrinking from evil.

The apparition had waylaid our friend so suddenly that he was at a loss to imagine from what direction it came, whether it had leapt the fence on either side, or dropped from the sky. One moment he had looked before him and seen it not, but the next it barred his progress. Though lithe and strenuous himself, and likely to be an able partner in any melée, the unaccountable human gave him something of the dread of undefined ill that springs up before the step of a goblin or lunatic, and is better resisted by calmness of mind than bodily strength. But in a few moments Church felt assured that the ungainly figure before him was one of a maligned

class, that harboured near the spot, whose fancied crimes had sometimes amused his childhood, and miseries more than once in later years moved his better feelings.

On the right of the road a wood, thick with brush, now partly leafless, yet not pervious to sight, bordered the way, and still covered the ground, that rising from this became a mile or two off a short ridge of upland. This was called Quaker Hill, being the refuge of sectaries who had once yielded victims to fire and stake, and, delivered over to individual cruelty, been hunted with dogs, or shot at like wild beasts, and only of late years had felt assuagement of their wrongs, and better toleration of their presence. Still, though the State no longer legalized their oppression, it failed to remove prejudice and ill will from the hearts around them, and these, though not so deadly, were perhaps as painful, and formed a more enduring torture than trial and condemnation by law.

For many years had they grown in the school of injustice. Hardly allowed to hold property, their means of living were precarious;

despised and disliked, their visits to towns few and stealthy. If hardship made them self-relying, injustice left them the form but not all the spirit of their distinguishing principle of peace and good will; for they had a secret kindness towards civil embroilments, and favoured the rising spirit of enmity to the mother country, because this offended officials who of old time had grievously wronged them. Though hardy in body and fearless in cases that most men would deem a test of boldness, they had an hereditary horror of the instruments and accessories of cruelty, and to this day would tremble at an unknown dog or unexplained fire.

The intruder in a lonely road on a Polish day, had his facial prominences tinged with fiery red, and his nose, in addition, bedewed with touching moisture, while his eyes wept cold tears, and his legs continually moved as if only pausing in a race, as he asked, with a wild air and high-pitched voice, Hast thee encountered a dog or other furious enemy of the kind, respected sir? But the answer being slower, as it seemed, than he wished or expected,

he continued rapidly articulating question after question: Art thee goin to Newport? Art thee come from Tiverton? Hast thee heard any news? hast thee seen any crowd? hast thee met any trouble? hast thee a journal? hast thee a broad sheet, young man?

Before reply could be made to these demands, or even the speaker had rested a moment as if expecting one, his attention was caught by something advancing along the road, that lay for some distance open to view. This was no other than Flog, who, having completed his expletory treatment of the subject before alluded to, was coming up with the velocity of a war missile, and a low growl that exploded at or near the final point in sharp treble passages, meant to be derisive, but easily mistaken for displeasure. The stranger looked for the briefest possible space on this living projectile, when deserting all interest in his questions, two or three amplified strides carried him to the side of the road; one hand on the topmost rail, he freed the barrier, and in a twinkling was lost to sight in the friendly shelter of the wood.

The dog had a more distant goal than was imagined by either observer of his movements. Regardless of his proper post, he passed his master in midway; and as the latter was losing the flying interrogator on the other side of the rails, this new emergency caused him to bestow his eyes in a fresh direction. Some eighty yards before him a buck had struck the middle of the road, and snuffing the air, now tainted with danger, was making ready to clear the opposite fence. Quick as thought the weapon was brought to a level, the bullet sped on its cruel course. The spring the ill-fated animal had already made was broken short, and he fell with the fence still beyond him. Seeing the dog approaching, he gathered up his strength, raised himself on his forelegs, and lowered his antlers to meet the onset. His enemy swerving from such a terrific encounter, turned upon his flank; but here again the horny weapon met him in full career, and piercing far into his broad chest, laid him motionless on the ground.

Church had run to the rescue, and was preparing to deal an iron blow with the butt-end of his piece, but before he could effect this ruth-

less purpose the dying forester turned on him a look that asked for pity. The pulses still quivered beneath his leathern coat, the strength was fast leaving his relaxing limbs, but courage lingered at the heart, until, with a heavy sob, he fell over on his side lifeless. Flog! exclaimed Church, and bending over his friend he raised him between his knees, lifted his head, felt one paw and then the other; but Flog could only lick the hand that tended him, and then became for ever insensible to cares and caresses.

A pretty fellow, added the disconsolate youth, as he raised his hand to his brow, to carry a rifle and let my dog be gored to death. I must be wool-gathering instead of having eyes in my head, and thinking of a girl too. Curse upon such thoughts, I say. I would not—and he repeated the words with an air of solemn asseveration—have had that dog come to harm for all the girls between the stone bridge and Beaver Tail. See what a muzzle he had. And parting the dead lips into a ghastly expression, he displayed, to no admirer but himself, the long dog-teeth as white as driven snow.

After some time he drew his unregarded prize within a corner of the snake fence, and using his knife as if from the force of habit, placed the buck-tail in his cap, the customary evidence of ownership, though not in all cases unimpeachable. He turned to his dead follower, and lifting him with gentle hands, bore him some distance into the wood, and laid the unstiffened body in the notch of a tree that divided a few feet from the ground. Here I will leave him, said he, until I come back, and dig him a grave. And with this affectionate promise of sepulture he came into the highway and resumed his journey.

He was now within a mile or two of Newport. The road, overcoming a slight ridge, from which it made an easy descent to the town, opened to his view all that lay between it and the island's edge. Before him loomed the buildings, sharp and well-defined though yet far off, of what was not a very large or splendid town, but then among the chief of American cities. A thin little column of purplish smoke or heat, but nearly transparent, and hardly waving in the calm cold atmosphere,

surmounted almost every chimney; but higher than this rose a slender gold-tipped spire, perhaps more than one. A forest of fore-and-aft-rigged masts—for it is chiefly on coasting vessels that winter lays his rough embargo—mingled with towering ships, fringed the water-side, that, sometimes blue and sometimes leaden, seems to turn with advancing cold to black. A mile beyond, and parallel with this, a long low island, having at either end a passage hardly wider than a ship's length, defended this landlocked haven from the waves of the bay, too much given at times to rival the pulses of the neighbouring ocean. On the right there put out from the hollow shore a wooden pier, having the name of Long Wharf, but giving no other token of its utility; while to the left of the town the grey land, bare of bush, house, or tree, but raised in lumpish, wartlike, unearthly shapes, encircled the water on that side like an arm.

On the end of this, and fronting the bay, stood plain to the eye a fortress, then called Fort George, but which might almost be said to include in itself not only the successive

stages of the art of circumvallation, but the annals of the neighbourhood it guarded. At first it was said to have been a defence against bears, that came to the island when winter made them a bridge at its upper end, and troubled the beneficiaries of the first patent. Afterwards for many years an artless stockade, it held the Indians at bay; for these people of heroic times waged mimic war by sea as well as land, and often swept with their mosquito fleets the waters of the Narragansett, transporting armies or stores where need was. But of late years it had changed into bastion and curtain, ditch and glacis, as if wrong itself had put on a new face, as it probably had. Over this stronghold, as well as on a building in the town known as the Customs, the cross of St. George floated, or rather hung, for it displayed no emblem—displayed not even itself—but hugged its spar in motionless despondency.

Church was not unfamiliar with this scene, and yet he never saw it without more or less interest or pleasure. To enjoy it better or longer on the present occasion he seated himself by the wayside. The westering sun had

affected the light of this closing winter's day, deepening its tints and touching each outline with richer colour. In a little while his levelled rays, reflected from the windows of distant houses on either hand, showed them filled with ruddiest fire—a truthful semblance that the unaccustomed eye might easily take for truth itself. At this moment Church's attention was attracted by the sound of horse's feet, and he saw coming towards him from the town side, and already close at hand, a young lady, seated on a gay little horse that seemed vain of his own graces, and yet had more reason to be proud of the mistress he bore.

She was a well-born minion, in green taffeta with broad crimson stripes, whose form more than twenty summers had moulded into wondrous symmetry. The sleeves of her dress, certainly not a riding one, ended above the elbows in a hand's breadth of worked linen, out of which came an arm whose comely shape a long mit did not conceal, nor stout-gloved fingers at all impair. But the heavy taffeta was looped up like a ship's sails in the slings to show a purple skirt, for the petticoat at that

day, like the roof in architecture, was a capable feature in design. Her rich brown hair was parted over a forehead beneath which eyes of the softest hazel shed light and kindness. Still this beautiful hair was whitened like the fir-trees of a highland in winter, while on top of it sat a low-crowned cover tied with cherry ribbons. Her countenance, at times the abode of severest dignity, was always warm with thought and feeling, while a peculiar archness of expression about the mouth seemed the home of a gaiety and good-humour that were ever streaming its rays from the sun.

Church had the happiness of being an old friend to this lovely woman. He had grown up near her, like a gentleman who lives in a house with a beautiful prospect. She was several years his elder, but being so much nearer her meridian only made her rays burn him the fiercer. She modestly awaited his salute. What a witch it is! thought he; and as he returned the sign of recognition, cap in hand, dog and buck, and sadness and sorrow, and all their friends and acquaintances vanished from his mind with much of that disregard of the

order of their going with which the articles of upper and lower storey are flung from the windows of a burning house.

I see you have had sport to-day, said the lady. What a name for putting to death the poor deer! Church's face fell, as if he too thought it a misnomer. Yes, I have shot a fine buck, he replied; will you ask your father to accept it from me? It lies half a mile this side of the road to the glen. And taking out what shewed like a feather in his cap, he presented it with an air as if it had been a bouquet and he a preux chevalier; for nature is mother of the graceful in life, and in rural chivalry the flower that grows on such a stalk is apt gift to the fair.

Thank you, replied the divine woman with a look of struggling drollery. My father never sees a haunch but he falls into sentiment; he takes me by the hand and says, Mark, my child, that noble dish! touching is it not. Master Church, she added gravely, medical writers agree that standing in a wintry air without any hat on one's head, is the next thing to catching a cold. Church

blushed at the reproof, and restored his covering to the place where it was wanted. Down, Tusc, down, she said, addressing a Newfoundland dog, as black as jet, that, coming up on a hand gallop had placed his huge paws on the saddle, and then went thrusting his long nose about, boring everybody and pleasing nobody. Days are short now, she added, and I must be home before nightfall; and, checking her rein, she turned at a brisk pace down a lane to her right, and disappeared from view.

Church stood with his eyes fixed in the direction the horse and its rider had taken for some moments after a turn in the road had made it impossible he should any longer see them. Some time longer, perhaps, he had stood thus peering into the empty air, had not his view suddenly lighted on the dark figure of the young lady's dog. Crouching on the opposite side of the way, this hero stood cast in a position from which all canine grace and majesty were banished, to give place to an air of ludicrous awkwardness. Not a limb but seemed dis-

jointed, while the face, steadily confronting Church, wore an expression of shadowed mirth, until uttering a sort of falsetto bark, he swung round on his hind legs and set off in pursuit of his mistress. Hardly had the sarcastic dog passed away, when, directly as Church turned, his look fell on the coloured man-servant, who, unnoticed by him, had been at some little distance a spectator of the interview, and whose naturally beamy face was now dissolved in a laxative smile, that overleaping degrees betokened the last extreme of merriment.

But it was not the latter only that seemed to be acting the part of mocking demon, for a single glance was enough to show that the horse he bestrode was inspired with the same spirit. From the side of the road both seemed fixed in a shape as if already they had made a step to go, and then turned heads and shoulders as far as possible, without surrendering the design of progress. If the horse was not laughing it was because that faculty is wanting to the equine race; but he looked out of the tops of his eyes, and worked his under-

lip in a way that might be so interpreted, and now seemed to Church to admit of no other construction. The object of these uncivil regards was rapidly passing from surprise to indignation; but before he had determined on any overt act, the enemies of his quiet swayed round very much as another had done just before, and set off at top of speed to follow their leader.

Thus left to his own reflections, he resumed his journey along the highway. A few lights glimmered in the distance before him, and just as night had fallen, he found himself treading the Broad-street of the town of Newport.

CHAPTER II.

HARVEY CHURCH continued his journey through Broad-street until it brought him to the door of that famous inn styled the Generous Indian, which owned for master one Dodshaw, whose baptismal nomination was Luqueer, which uxorial caprice or kindness sometimes exchanged for Dod or Doddy. Dodshaw had varied the social contract which learned men maintain every one enters into on becoming a member of society; for his original undertaking, displayed on his very signpost, promised to afford entertainment for man and horse, which is certainly what all men do

not undertake, and few could perform if they did even to a horse. The Generous Indian, a large stone house, with a long row of wooden stabling behind it, had its yard and outbuildings accessible from two side streets. It stood at the broad top of the Parade, looking towards a town pump. The Parade was a triangular green, famous in love and war, not capable of grazing very numerous herds, but large enough to bear a singing company of grasshoppers, and occasionally vast numbers of boys. In modern times the dwelling of a successful townsman has usurped the place of Dodshaw's hostelry; but as late as 1790, at least, the latter was still standing, and the name that like a spirit informed this body, perhaps still existing there.

Dodshaw usually wore a white apron up to his chin, and, still deferring to fashion, kept his face very much jewelled, and painted his nose high red. The pockets of his linen foreguard had a metallic jingling, his countenance a moral brightness, his speech was facile, and principles obliging. He had a thorough knowledge of society as it existed in his day, for at

that time the thin communities with inferior locomotion, had more affection for, and more acquaintance with each other than now. He could always tell whom everybody had married, on the spear side or the spindle, and what sort of character the eldest son was, if there were any son, or distinguish the tiny temperaments of the daughters, if things ran upon the jelly-mould. But besides being read in the first of Chronicles, he had fluent discourse on most floating topics, and an eye for driftwood that allowed few things to pass that could be turned to his own advantage, and sometimes got astride of his timber in a way to amuse by-standers.

Of course, Master Harvey, he spoke, as the young man crossed his threshold, with familiarity which long acquaintance and preponderance of years perhaps excused, I am as jolly as a rump of beef to see you. Hang your rifle on the brackets, send your dog, if you have one, though I don't see any, to the loft with Pertinax Pomp, and come into this parlour. Thank you, said the guest. Snug and comfortable is the word, con-

tinued Dodshaw; out of this window you see the lights on Long Wharf—fetch some wood will ye—and in twenty minutes you shall have supper. Venison and spread eagle — shall? and then the fingers of his right hand opened before his watch-fob as if they held the things he described.

The advantage of seeing the lights on Long Wharf did not weigh much with the guest, for Harvey was one of those who think of a cold night exterior prospects rather lessen than improve the sense of internal comfort; but the further detail was so far satisfactory as to cause him to affirm, That will do. Of course I know it will do, replied Dodshaw, your stomach waits on the weather, weather belongs to the season, season depends on the time of year. Twenty minutes to seven of a winter's night, deer and splatched chicken, or what we call spread eagle, is the thing. But you look wicked, Master Church; I hope you are not thinking of rebellion.

Church seemed puzzled for reply to the imputation of wicked looks, though these he knew in the local vocabulary were simply equivalent

to grave ones. But in truth his thoughts had borrowed their sombre hue from recollections of poor Flog, who at the moment was figured before him as he had last seen him, out of life and out of shape, with drooping extremities and unspeculative countenance, while his brave blood dripped three minute drops on the virgin snow, hanging by the middle in the cold fork of a wintry sapling.

Or love, continued Dodshaw, who not knowing of the dog, thought it must be a young lady had absorbed the youth's cheerfulness. Did you ever hear of Dolly Jenks—he married his second wife for her foot. Yes, he used to say, there never was a gal had such a foot. Of course it was an extraordinary foot, for it finally kicked him out of doors. That is love; now who ever heard of a man of any moral income marrying for love!

The gentleman from Tiverton could not help being roused from his abstraction by what seemed a doctrine not more novel than objectionable; but before his present weakness would allow him to challenge the heresy, Dodshaw continued: Of course there is mistress

Dodshaw, I made regular ante-nuptial arrangements with Mrs. D.; Pynchon put it all down in black and white. I said she would be expected to do her duty by me, and if she liked it was a bargain, and if she did not assimilate, I should find another healthy mercenary female to bring in labour instead of capital, or both. But she did like it, and now nothing can exceed that woman's uneasy pathetic devotion. But as to love, Mrs. Dodshaw and me is both agreed there is no sich thing no more than there is vitches.

Don't you believe in virtuous affection? inquired Church. Dodshaw started as though the question were something surprising, but finally assumed the dubious expression that belongs to a mental state where the faculties are quivering on top of a dividing line, uncertain which side to incline to. In the meanwhile he said, Do you like your meat well done? Rather rare, replied the guest. That is my answer, said Dodshaw, as he rubbed his front with gleesome fingers, raythe rare. I was going to say no, but I will say raythe rare.

Talking of pickled salmon, he directly proceeded, though indeed the subject was new on the carpet, did you ever hear of Grandpoppy and Sir John Andros? He stuttered like a claret bottle, and was Lieutenant-Governor. He made a law, you know, that no one should be married except by an Episcopal minister. Of course, my old right-liner hailed from the First Congregationals United and Improved; so he goes to Sir John, and axes him plump if that was the law; and he said it was wisible as Grandpoppy's nose that no other marriage was worth a fourpenny-bit. He had been courtin before, and goes straight to Deacon Peabody's and gets legally married just to spite the law.

Did not he hurt himself? asked Harvey; but Dodshaw proceeded: Next time Sir John comes out with the question, Venerable Dodshaw, are you married yet? I be, says the old man. Who married you? Deacon Peabody. Oh! says Sir John, in great wrath, you ăr'nt married at all—chi-children unlawful. That may be, says granddaddy, but I ain't got none. Never by possi-bi-bility have

any heirs. Not the least occasion, said he, and to be sure had he; why he lived to ninety. Of course, in six months Sir John was shut up in the old jail in Court-street, and then sent trooping out of the Province, with his law in his small-clothes pocket.

They named Androscoggin lake for him, said Harvey, as he looked curiously towards the door.—Yes, continued Dodshaw, and that is the way I come to be owner of the Indian; if it had not been for that, me and Poppy would have been nowheres. Of course, a winter's night up drives a coach and four, and out steps Sir John and his secretary. Sarvant, says grandfither, I thought you would not come south until the warm season, Sir John. Bo-Boston is awfully hot now, says he, as he stripped his shawls off, cannot account for it. But, landlord, eagles for supper; been thinking ever since we crossed Bristol feferry. Or bacon and eggs, whispered the honourable secretary, will do. — Certainly they would, interposed Church.—Sir John, speaks up grandpa, the old birds were not married by an Episcopal minister, and I don't

like to be giving you an unlawful dish. Do-Dodshaw, says he, old jokes not good for supper; so get the pul-pults ready, and be d—— to you.

At this moment Dodshaw laid his watch in his hand, and then exclaimed, Time's up. As he spoke the door opened, and Pomp, and Pomp's eldest son, named Proximus Pomp, and Pomp's little grandson, known as Tertius Pomp, and sometimes called Pertinax, appeared, bearing in the savoury supper set. The chief of the procession had settled its programme in the kitchen, after a fashion that probably did not admit of improvement. According to this, Proximus, as pioneer, had charge to clear the way for the march of the supper things, supported between the arms of his elder, while the smirking avunculus watched over the safety of the rear. In the event the chief obstruction proved to be the door, which being opened, the van-leader advanced a few steps, and vainly inserting what was not in his part, made a low bow. While he was yet looking over his personal horizon, his successor, animated to great activity by the vital maxim

of serving hot, overlapped his reverse, and the more so that the extended board had rendered his inclined body invisible.

At the moment the burden that Harvey expected with anxiety, and even Dodshaw looked forward to with pride, held a superior place acutely angular with the plane of Proximus' back, when the latter rising with the sudden vigour that attends the resumption of one's normal position, lifted the loaded tray to the vertical, causing the good things that made up an evening provincial repast, and the fragiles that held them, to bombard at short range the astonished front of his father. The elder Pomp, overwhelmed by the crash and confusion that assailed him, fell backwards, and would have impressed his whole length on the floor but for an unaccountable hill or mound, not present when he had traversed the road but an instant before, which opposing the small of his back, allowed the head to sink on the further side, but raised the legs *vis-à-vis* the master and his guest. This unlooked for relief of the ground was shortly resolved into Pompey the little, who, of small stature but great curiosity,

and wanting the ease which long practice in society alone can give, had been drinking in the scene through his grandparent's legs, which, it must be stated, were marked by a bow-like natural divergence that favoured such a design.

Proximus had soon recovered his uprightness, being the only one of the three left standing, and therefore promised to bear the brunt of his master's displeasure. But as the damage was less, so the penalty proved lighter than was expected. The spoons, of course, were not injured, the tea-pot had lost its nose by a clean cut, the cream ewer got a wider mouth very much drawn at one corner, several plates were wounded, but the sugar-bowl and other tender things had been thankfully preserved.

Of course, exclaimed Dodshaw, with calmness that surprised his guest, you always boggle your legs when you come together. Not so bad though as the night you turned up the green sarce into Doctor Scott's lap, and seduced Mrs. Pangborn to sit down on the apple butter. They want me to lend you for a ball at the Redwood, but I am afraid you will

squash the gentlemen or set the ladies on fire. Go, all three of you, into the bar and get a glass of rum; you want setting up. Come, clear away and try again. Send Proximus and the baby to bed, and come yourself Pomp, and if the rump gives out you must get on the saddle.

While these orders, which if not impassioned were at least perempt, were in course of execution, Dodshaw turned to his guest, as if doubting whether his patience would survive the accident and time necessary for its reparation. Dodshaw was blessed, it will not be doubted, with a placable temper, but he had long considered these blunders in his low administration incorrigible; and as most minds resign themselves to what is inevitable, had learnt to preserve his philosophy though he could not defend his crockery. Each new misfortune, however, seemed to have this consolation—that it was excelled by prior mishaps; and with this decreasing scale therefore, the time might be expected to arrive when the daily disasters would dwindle to a natural zero.

I hope they won't be long, said Church,

with a serious face; but checking himself, he assured the landlord he was not very hungry, and could wait very well, which indeed most people are able to do under pressure. But feeling for his host's natural distress in such a case, he purposed to divert him by asking, What is the news, Mr. Dodshaw?—Very big ones, replied Dodshaw, the hogs is got into the cabbage-bed, and the garden stuff is all going to smash; fights at Boston, mobs at Albany, and fire-flies everywhere.—Politics, said Church, indifferently, and what is your opinion?

That reminds me, returned the host, of two lawyers I had here the other day. They had come down to look at the records, hunting mischief of course; but they wanted exercise, and must take to debating on which side of Cod the Phœnixes landed. Of course they talked each other up night and day, and talked very loud, so I had to close the shutters, and then both talked at once, and finally on the third day both says in a breath, What is your opinion, Dodshaw? My opinion was they landed on the top side.

Pshaw! said Harvey, they never landed at all. Why, Mr. Dodshaw, you have heard of those letters on Deighton Rock; well, my grandfather used to say—but what were you saying about politics?—Nothing at all, replied Dodshaw decisively, I never mention politics; I won't have nothing to do with them, no how. I am not fond of talking, and never speak but when I am spoken to.

There is Job Squires, he continued, as if to exemplify his principle, kept the Cat and Compasses in Portsmouth, allowed himself on a town committee. Consequence was, one side never came near him, but his own side did, and for six months he was horning and feeding the bigger part of the township. Of course the chairman gave orders for julaps to the committee, and the committee issued tickets to the chairman, and the orators did not want any, for by the third article of the Constitution any one that spoke was entitled to drink; but they refreshed the voters, and the voters treated one another, and then comes a general inclusive jollification, where they all got drunk together.

That is what I call, continued the speaker, parenthetically, undue expansion of the paper system. Had it been hard money, Squires would have made his eternal fortune.—What, did they not pay? inquired Harvey, indignantly.—You shall hear, said Dodshaw. Of course the party grew famously, and everybody remarked how healthy they looked. And then Mr. Sheriff came, and when Job told him they were both on the same side, he said he had a *fifer* in his pocket, and a *windex* too, but if the *windex* warn't in his pocket it must be in his hat, and would sell the next Monday, at twelve for one.

But between you and me, Master Harvey, he proceeded, politics is the best friend an innkeeper can have. It's gettin excitin, I declare. Hopes I am properly thankful, said Dodshaw, raising his eyes. I have sent to Boston to lay in a stock of liquors, and now I am ready for any emergency; and here comes number two. It was so, for just then Pomp, having refreshed his toilet, again entered the room, though with a slow caution that seemed the opposite faulty extreme of his former

agility, bearing what with fewer servitors appeared also shorn of its former luxuriance, and shortly the guest had forgotten past disappointment for present pleasure.

Now tell me, resumed Dodshaw, as he chauffed himself before the blazing hickory that gave to a rather draughty room the likeness of warmth, if not its reality, how is your respectable father and the folks at Tiverton? the horse-trough and the church-steeple all standing yet? — Usually well, thank you, replied Church; a little of the gravy, if you please. —Of course, that's right, continued Dodshaw. Pious, excellent man, very few like him; the fine old autocrat! Would you believe it? it is ten years since I have passed Quaker Hill! Almira says I mean to live and die on an island.

Depends on its size and situation, spoke Church, as if but little occupied with the remark. Of course, returned Dodshaw, but I shall stick to the till. Now they say there is going to be a revolution. I heerd fat Bogardus say as much last market day;—must be true, for a fat man has too much at stake to tell

lies. Bogardus is four inches on the ribs and talks like a water-spout. I can't bear it, have to sit down and cry. Of course I supposes folks will eat and drink and bait their horses, and further supposes they will find the Indian a good house, even if there is a revolution. If I takes care of business, business will take care of me, that is natur, been so from the beginning of the world,—nothing can break that up. And Dodshaw walked across the room, as if turning in his mind the dangers that threatened and the prospects that consoled his prosperity.

O they won't think of eating, interposed Church, as he transfixed a potato, when their country is in danger, you know. Master Church, replied Dodshaw, I am not a patriot but an innkeeper. You follows one line of business, I pursoos another. Hopes we may both come out right, particularly me,—that's natur again. If any one can take advantage of another, he profusely does it, for he wouldn't like to be flyin in the face of heaven. An if a man can cheat a fool, he naturally cheats him, otherways there would be two fools. That is

what Deacon Clap, the purest old man that ever lived in these parts, used to say. Dodshaw, said he, this is a state of trial, therefore you must look sharp, and have eyes in the back of your head like the angels. No, I am what they call a silent man, it is all steak or chop, mister, whiskey or bitters, rub down and a peck of oats. If any body ever heerd me say more than that I am mistaken.

Certainly, returned Church, as he replenished his plate and palate about the same moment of time, with that assenting humour that belongs to the middle of a feast, but is not always found before and after, every one must admit you are a particularly small talker. Talk a great deal too little, considering the excellence of your remarks.

Of course, again began the indefatigable man; there was a stranger the other day axes if he might speak disrespectful of the king in my house. By all means, says I, or of anybody else from Pomp up to the town steeple, and down the other side to Doctor Cornwall. So I moved a chair and got some whiskey and salt mackerel, and said now was the time to

begin, and hoped he would enjoy himself. But instead of that he wanted my opinion of him. Of course, says I, you know I don't say much. I am not one of the six men that do all the talking in the world. It is not my business to be making things unpleasant, but if you must have my opinion—you are a respectable man—I must say Georjus Turshus, as they call him, is a mean fellow. Hope he will never come to my house; declare I should not like to have him.

It is doubtful how long Dodshaw, whom some people believed to be the author of the Arabian Nights, and certainly there was a great deal that favoured that line of argument, would have continued his stories, had he not at this juncture probably himself felt a desire for what he now recommended to another. Leaning over his guest, he said, in a low voice, Come into the tap for a pipe and punch before you go to bed; and then turning to the door left him in quietness.

CHAPTER III.

In the last decade of the last hundred years the tap was the common appendage of every proper hostel in the country. Even with the best, that sheltered at times high company, as was the case with the Generous Indian, it was not allowed to be wanting. It was commonly the best room in a house that had a good many, with a sandy floor and bare-tables, well supplied with hebdomadal sheets, and stored, at least at one end, like an arsenal of delights, with tall butts and hogsheads each bearing its given name in a flaring scroll. In a town like Newport it was a place where national and

town affairs were discussed in a broad penetrating manner, where news was always in the freshest state, and where those who were studying for the stage, or wished to practise at the bar, as well as others who had merely social instead of professional views, resorted for pleasure and sometimes for improvement. It was not considered quite the place for superiorly genteel persons, and for this reason, perhaps, very genteel persons were fond of being there.

Dodshaw often had great people staying at his house,—such as royal governors, members of provincial councils, Indian ambassadors on their way to the general court, etc. The aboriginal plenipotentiaries usually carried a half-gallon bottle to their rooms or some unobserved place in the suburbs, and did not care for society. But the official Anglo-Saxon, sick of the decaying hour of a day or evening, or minded no longer to tire wife and daughters, had often taken leave to inquire of the host whether there was much company to-night; and without being at all governed by the nature of the reply, straightway invaded with unpretending movements the place of undressed

resort. Dodshaw cherished the tradition of a bishop, perhaps only a pseudo bishop though still high in ecclesiastical degree, who had often called for lemons and wooden-spoons at a table in his south-easterly corner, and rejected barley-corn for the true Ennyshewn, with a promptness that argued him not only a believer in the freedom of the will, but the master of intellectual distinctions that alone can render the great franchise of much value; and king's attorneys were particularly common in his recollections who were always glad to get either.

If Church had not much likeness to church dignitaries, nevertheless he wished to see the Newport Mercury, and read up what the world had been doing since the last weekly number. Having shortly entered the tap, therefore, and taken up his ancient gazette, he had mastered a good deal of its contents before he thought it worth while to observe the company. He saw the hostess, with whom he had passed the evening on entering, in her glittering bar, running in and out of the box of a room behind it, having nothing to do and yet apparently doing a great many things. At a small table in a

corner beside the bar, as if content with the lowest seat in the Dyonisian synagogue, or affecting the shelter of the ruler of the house, sat a solitary guest with his back to the wall, a newspaper held before him, and a tumbler of some beverage close to his elbow. He was absorbed in the perusal of his journal, and by aid of the liquid alluded to occasionally floated himself over difficult passages or refreshed his spirit on its journey through the varied scenery of worldly affairs. Harvey at first thought he recognized a shovelly foot, as if with a large shawl tied round its neck, then the true flesh colour of a dishevelled leg, and finally the eminence of a jagged felt convinced him that the person with a printed sheet instead of a face was no other than the unsatisfied querist of the morning's adventure.

He must, thought Church, have come here in search of news, or perhaps of good liquor. The latter being a quiet compendious body of joy, that best harboured inside of principles that were rigid against worldly pleasures. And I dare say, he continued, as soon as Dodshaw closes for the night, he will thread

his way back again through the dark street and darker road, a good ten miles, to the neighbourhood where I saw him this morning.

At a larger board at the opposite end of the room sat four men of sturdy proportions and middle age, who looked as if drawing towards the close of an evening's entertainment. There were empty glasses on the table, and, still worse, dwindling bottles; and if these did not indicate precisely the point of convivial progress, there was something in the bearing of the guests that showed more clearly they must have some time passed the stage of politics to reach the final region of practical jokes, after which comes dark vacuity. Having drawn on each other's capabilities with a safety proportioned to the excellent liquor and its recent infusion, at last one of the party seemed casting about for a fresh subject. At this juncture of their affairs, fortune seemed to have placed within reach the best material for their purpose. The studious personage in the corner already remarked by Church, was mild and unresisting by profession, and one of a class consecrated by use and legal enactments to hilarious enjoyments

Accordingly the brawny purveyor of mirth, amid the suppressed titter of his friends, stepped across the room, and pulling back a corner of the newspaper stretched his head over to inquire in affected tones: What be'est thou reading, Broadbrim, and what is the price of soap?

The person addressed had reassumed that suasory platitude of manner, so different from his excited tones of the morning, which his sect invariably wear as armour in the world, though solitary life, as in the present case, may at times allow the customs of nature to show outside. He now complacently replied, though seemingly annoyed at the gross interruption, I am reading Samuel Adams' speech at Faneuil hall, and I have not come to the commercial markets yet. This was received with open derision or rather execration, for one of the free companions directly commanded a libation, and each of the four before touching glass to lip angrily repeated: A halter to Sam Adams.

Again the active leader took a candle from his table, and stealthily setting it on the floor in purposed contiguity to a naked leg, awaited

the result. The leg soon felt a burn, and the owner of it quickly shifting his position laid the paper on his lap and mildly remarked, Friend, the heat is unpleasant; is thee hunting anything? A burst of laughter followed, which sufficed to occupy a considerable time, and allowed the victim to become once more immersed in his employment. But soon the master of fun, lighting a piece of paper attached to the end of a walking-cane, approached, and unobserved by the reader set the top of the newspaper alight. The fire no sooner took than it was seen, and no sooner seen than extinguished; but it only caused the persecuted lover of patriotic sentiments, to remark, Friend, thee is burning friend Dodshaw's paper; he will not thank thee.

Once more the evil tormentors, as if ingenuity were nearly exhausted, consulted for a moment, and then lighting their long pipes in concert noiselessly assembled behind the vexed diurnal, where they puffed with such a will that the pacific man was shortly wrapped in a cloud of thickest texture. He coughed and hemmed without bringing the relief he sought,

and at last turning to the bar said, Friend Dodshaw, dost thee think the tobacco stores is burning, there is a lively smell about. This was a signal for uproarious mirth, in which Dodshaw himself was obliged to join, by force of sympathy and an explosive state induced by canonical potations on the other side of the hedge. And Mistress Dodshaw, who was a fat woman not over tall, shook for some moments like a jelly, and then blushed scarlet as if ashamed of herself.

Through all this turmoil the sufferer always returned to his state of abstraction, and hence seemed to be taken unawares at every fresh outrage. It was a long time since he had been at Newport before, probably longer since he had owned a supererogatory ninepence to expend on cheerful consolations. He was absent from his wife and children, he had a vacation of his nearest relations, he was free of old and familiar friends, had come as it were out of a silent ritual, from the quiet woods where they have neither newspapers nor brandy, to enjoy the opposite of his normal conditions, and it was a cruel thing in this

interloper and his comrades to disturb a happiness so carefully constructed.

The party were now earnestly engaged in conversation in an under tone, from which it might be inferred that humour was running to its dregs, or something more serious in view. Two of them with well-freighted glasses boldly marched across the room, and confronting the harmless man. Now, sallow face, said one, thee has been in this house nearly two hours and won't drink. Come now, we have got a toast for you, you must drink a toast.

Friend, thee does me injustice, he replied, I am not averse to friend Dodshaw's refreshments. I find them healthy and pleasing of effects. Thee knows it is not my way to drink toasts, but thee will name the toast.

The King!

No, no friend, thee will excuse me; I will take the liquor if thee insists, but thee knows I cannot drink the toast.

But, said the intruder, thrusting the glass towards him, where is thee manners, Ephraim? Drink,—you shall drink it.

Friend, he again meekly replied, I decline

to do as thee wishes me. It is not that I have any objection to offer against the individual thee names—

But you must drink it, passionately interposed the other. Why did they not drive you canting fellows out of the Bay province, and hunt you like rabbits on Quaker Hill? Drink you shall, and that with your hat off. Take off your hat, sir.

Friend, returned the Quaker, as he calmly rose from his seat and retreated towards the middle of the room, thee orders me to drink. No, at this moment I am not thirsty. Perhaps after an interval I may comply with thee wish, without putting it in that light. Thee orders me to take off my hat. No, I will do so when I go to bed, but not to respect terrestrial dignities. Thee is not my master, and thee conduct's unseemly. But his adversary, growing in boldness, quickly followed him, and with a still more threatening air.

Now, Ephraim, said he, you know I am a man that means what he says. If you don't take off that hat, by my soul I will do it for you.

The matter seemed to be approaching a crisis. Church felt indignant, but said nothing. Not so Mistress Dodshaw, for as soon as there seemed to be danger of increasing contention, her shrill voice was heard exclaiming, Dod, Doddy, come here directly. But before the excited Dodshaw could obey the alarming summons, the dreaded collision had already taken place.

I pray thee not to do it, said the retreating Ephraim.

I will, said the other furiously, and putting out his hand as if to make good his words. The man of peace suddenly erected his form, and remarking, It is best to be friendly, levelled a blow so quick and powerful, that ere the foe could evade its force, it took effect, and he dropped to the ground like a senseless weight.

It is best to be friendly, repeated the valorous Ephraim; but seeing a second antagonist in the way of his fist, he quickly withdrew it only to return with a force that definitively prostrated the obstacle. He looked inquiringly towards the table where two of the enemy were still seated, but at the

moment one of them was trying with difficulty to relume his pipe, and the other refilling his glass from a decanter that appeared to run remarkably slow. Both seemed to have withdrawn their attention entirely from the remarkable scene enacting in the middle of the floor. With the rest of the company the catastrophe produced consternation that for a time precluded the use of speech, and before this was recovered the principal actor, taking leave of his host with the words, Friend Dodshaw, I wish thee good night, deliberately left the house.

As soon as his absence was completely ascertained, the sedentary guests rose from their table, not with the object as it proved of comforting their recumbent allies, but to avenge their fall. They made inquiries that seemed germane to ruthless intentions, and at last with threatening looks avowed their purpose to follow the offender. Dodshaw and his wife strove anxiously to restrain their ardour; but deaf to all entreaty they left the room for the hall, from the hall to the street, leaving a sad presentiment in Mistress Dodshaw's bosom

that some dreadful mishap would be the consequence.

They had fairly entered the dark and covered some dozen yards of ground, when the question was started and debated between them, in which direction the guilty fugitive had gone. It seemed plain to each, as was indeed the truth, that not wishing to tarry in the town he must have followed the main road up the island that led to the settlement of his clan. So that on agreement they were now sure of being right, and also that with their present pace a short distance further and they must inevitably board the chase. A clear result no sooner arrived at, than both with one accord turned their faces, and conversing about the weather, and the price of lots in Thames-street, retraced their steps towards Dodshaw's door, one parting at the bottom of the Parade to go to his home, and the other turning down the first lane to the left, where abided his wife and little ones.

Of course, exclaimed Dodshaw, after the wounded on the floor of the tap had received the attention their situation required, and

having sufficiently revived had left for their homes. I declare I never saw such a thing in my life. Why he bowled them over like nine-pins. And that reminds me——

A Quaker to behave so! interrupted his wife; Dod, I have told you a gross of times never to let those people come into the house. Quarrelsome bad people, not at all the sort for us.

I hope, said Dodshaw, thoughtfully, they won't catch up with him. I fear there will be hard knocks if they do.

You may be sure they will though, replied his spouse determinately. They will beat him. I should not be surprised if they decimated him.

The town watch will hear the noise, said Dodshaw.

They will decimate the town watch too, she replied. Besides they won't hear the noise. They won't.

True, returned Dodshaw, it will depend a good deal on their politics.

I don't know nothing about their politics, continued the lady, but I know they go to bed every night at nine o'clock, and stuff their

ears with wool, people make such a noise in the streets.

Of course, returned Dodshaw, smiling, Buffum would never allow that, my dear.

They do though, persisted his wife. Why, the night of Truro's fire, did not Truro batter the watch-house door for three quarters of an hour, until the noise woke up the ferry-master on Connanicut; and when it gave in, precisely twenty minutes to ten, find six privates and the captain snoring like dormouses, and the captain said it was a pity it had not happened a little earlier, for they were not gone to bed long.

Almira love, they sleep by turns, said Dodshaw.

Not at all, Doddy, rejoined his wife, still retentive of her figure of nocturnal vigilance. They were all asleep in the room together, and there is Peggy our chor has pulled the wool from them many a time, and put it in too.

Almira! Almira! exclaimed Dodshaw, with sudden energy, he has gone off and never paid his score! Did he pay you?—No.—Perhaps he left it on the table?—No.—

Well here is a mouse in the cream-jug to be sure.—Of course I was so frightened, I bowed to him and never thought of the score. —He will never pay, said Mistress Dodshaw, sadly, who in interest, at least, was entirely one with her husband.—Pay! don't say a word, replied Dodshaw; he will never come here again: I might as well have a rabbit owe me.—Doddy, began his wife, I have told you a dozen gross of times never to let—Of course, interposed Dodshaw, but what we have got to do now, is to keep it all snug. If it get abroad the house will be mobbed, to be sure. Don't say a word about it to any body, any where, at any time, on any account, by no means. If the King's attorney hear it, I shall be prosecuted for harbouring a straight-coat and rebel, and giving him my brandy for nothing. Not a doubt of it. So, mind what I say. Almira, promise me then.

Mistress Dodshaw on this appeal deliberately promised as was required of her; and Dodshaw seemed to have confidence that her example would assure the fidelity of the servants. She looked once or twice wistfully at

a door, and afterwards walked towards it to and fro several times, as if she had as often intended to pass through it, and each time relinquished the design. At last she felt she must do it or burst, and reasoning that the latter would be a greater misfortune to the man she had loved for twenty years, than the intervention of a King's prosecutor or the assembly of a mob, she passed through the door, and issuing from the premises by a side gate, went directly at this late hour to knock up her next-door neighbour, or rather his wife. Here she kept a motherly woman—she had several times been a mother, and expected soon to be again—shivering at an open window in a night-dress, while she gave a detailed narrative of the affray that had taken place; and having committed her treasure to the stream, returned forthwith to her husband's side, who told her he thought she had been to lock up the cheese.

Church had made some movements to retire almost immediately after the painful occurrence had taken place, but they were for some time incomplete. At last he reached his

apartment, which Dodshaw's housemaid informed him had once been inhabited by his Majesty's Deceiver-General. Having said his prayers, he tried to compose himself to rest; but though weary in body and spirit, unwilling recollections of the vigorous Quaker acted as anything but anodyne to his nerves. Besides poor Flog was sure to come up at this hour, like a dead general with all his decorations.

When both these were laid, the unprepared sleeper was still vexed with pains and wounds in his chamber of reflections. His father, a generous, faithful man, always kind to him, always true to everybody, was about to suffer wrong, to be stripped of all his comforts, to sink to wretched want; and as the honoured figure insisted on being with him, Church was obliged to submit to the gloom its presence brought with it. But in the thickest of this a pair of kind eyes looked in upon the scene, and instantly as when the sun shines through a casement, the shadows gave place to golden light, and what is more remarkable, his venerable father left the room. When slumber at

last surprised him, as it will the most determined raveller of care, his fancy was decking itself in peacock feathers, and bending before an image as vain and unsubstantial as itself.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWARDS the middle of the century Newport had grown to be a town of considerable size and imposing influence, and in comparison with others, was in some respects the first place in the country. Its commerce was equal to, and had lately been greater than that of New York; and with a name for wealth, its business men were acknowledged to be enterprising and upright. Its society rivalled in estimable qualities that of Boston or Philadelphia. It owned a large library, the envy of its New England sisters; and generally a taste and fondness for letters that much furthered its

reputation in other parts of the land. But in addition to its claims as a polished little capital, its climate, as now, in the sweltering heats of the dog-star, attracted many visitors from the sister provinces, and even from the West Indies.

But this excellence was comparative; for it must be remembered that the country and all that was in it had not then leaped the bounds of modest size or humble pretension. Indeed, such seems to have been the case with all the rest of the world; trade was carried on in little ships; people were content with little fortunes; men often married little women; and nothing escaped the rule of corpuscles, save the human faculties that give dignity or relish to life. The old country itself was a dwarf, though of valorous propensities and intellectual promise, immersed in littleness and primitive habits. The lairds of the border still made their forays for fat beeves and lowland lambs; and Irish maidens were carried off in a mode different from the tame style of modern capture. If the ways of Massachusetts were too much beset with pensive savages, the

roads out of London were sprinkled with outlaws hardly more desirable, and the streets of London after nightfall positively unsafe for passengers. If the intercommunications between American towns, particularly in the spring months, were somewhat deep and glutinous, it is a fact that about these times an English bishop stuck three days in the mud between Highgate and Bedford, and summoned all the clerks of a rural deanery to his help before he could be extricated. And what is also surprising, these clerks, to signify their respect for stalled episcopacy, gathered from the country side in their surplices, that almost made the drowsy prelate believe he had been tended by angelic creatures. In both countries judges of assize had a tough time of it; and criminals were accustomed to pry with wonderful interest into the state of the mire, with the solid conviction that if nothing else would save them, the mud was likely to postpone their doom.

Among the remarkable characters of the town at this day, was one who stood in the tax lists and town directory as Quarry Bart, a

man of multifarious acquisition, and of a peculiarly easy style of imparting knowledge, and, moreover, principal of a commercial and classical academy, then esteemed the best of its kind at Newport. At school he taught Latin to those who valued it, and indoctrinated even the unwilling in book-keeping; for this, he said, represented the practical, without which there could be neither buying nor selling, nor house-keeping, nor even living at lodgings. But in the minds of many of his boys, who neither kept house nor lived at lodgings, the Italian method was confused with vigorous strappados, and ledger accounts only another name for birch and leather. In addition to informing the fashionable youth of Newport, he supplied their elders with a good deal of diurnal intelligence, and faithful to his set hours of instruction, was also zealous in the desultory enlightenment of every age and class; and thus at the corners of streets, at shop-doors and pump-handles, none so frequent as he.

At an early hour on the day after Church's arrival in Newport, his active steps were bending in the direction of Thames-street, for

there lay the business that had brought him to town. As he passed on his way he interchanged greetings with friends and acquaintances, and thus increased his stock of intelligence by several items, for walking down the street of a small town much resembles reading a newspaper, even the dull leaders. And shortly after turning from the Parade into Thames-street he encountered Quarry.

The man of influence sidled up against the wall, and looking on the ground as if he had a limited time to spare for a street colloquy, thus began:—How do you do? Very cold morning, Master Church. Very, replied Harvey. We shall have fine weather now, until the quarter is out, continued Quarry. People talk about the winds. I dont care a jingo for the winds, it is all nonsense. If you want to know anything you must see to the moon. I have heard that was best, said Harvey. As I say to my boys, proceeded the other, I may not see it, but they will, they will see it. Bad news from Concord.

What? inquired Church. Earthquakes,

he replied, a variety of shocks. I may say a series of tremblings, some say as many as seven. The court-house was the worst, somebody I presume after the lawyers. It was reported yesterday that Pynchon was there. If the court-house fell down, I hope it was so, but one of the Hazards told me in school, he saw him at market in the morning. Of course there is a choice in trades, but I am glad Pynchon's is not mine.

It is singular, remarked Harvey, to hear of such things in our country. Bluff, returned Quarry, our country is a truncated volcanic cone, the head is off and the pipes come up close together like an organ cut in two. I am an educated man, read a great deal—in bed, have set my nightcap on fire, ancient authors; and I tell you, from the Apalachian chain to low water at spring tides —we dine every day off ammunition barrels, and bolstered on bomb shells. That is easy, what do you think?

I suppose you have heard of Nye, he continued. Ship only arrived four days ago—went with a sleighing party in the Narragan-

sett country to a tavern supper. They got merry towards morning, and somebody killed him. So he is gone.

Did he leave his wife and children? asked Church. Of course, replied Quarry, it was no use to take them with him—Prudence Cummin is going to marry young Tew. Some people are making fools of themselves, but I approve it, I told her so. She ought not to be *tew* delicate, did Harvey venture to observe, but Quarry bid good-bye to the subject where he had left it, and proceeded:—Dick Dutton wants to make up to Miss Champlin; but that sort of thing wont do. I shant give my reasons, but it wont answer. Just come to town?

Just, replied Mr. Church. Then you have not heard the news, likely. Well, the corn is ripening, the thing is coming to a head. I always said it would be so. Pynchon says Newport is quite healthy; it will be as bad as worst though before long. Mark my words. I know something about politics, Master Church, everybody in town will tell you so. I have read them in Aristotle and Titus

Livius. States are made up of people, people consist of men and women, and maid servants —children once. Girl naturally loves mush and molasses, boy constitutionally fond of spiced ginger nuts; human sympathies and popular convulsions just as easy as figures, any one with five fingers can do it.

But is there any important news—anything from the south? inquired Church. Very important news, and it does not come from the south, Quarry replied. They are going to send troops here, to arrive next autumn, six regiments. What will our streets be, rents, markets, social condition, morals? Answer these questions, but not now, Master Church, I must be in school in ten minutes.

There may be some mistake, said Harvey; at any rate it is a good way off. Buffum, rejoined Quarry, with imposing distinctness, has had a letter about billets. Do you conceive the thing—drawing lots for infantry, bearskins on your hall-pegs, crossbelts asking for more beef, crossbelts asking for more pudding, on your stairs, in your bed—I dont know. You might as well fill the town-hall as fill

cross-belts. I dont like it, do you? I dont intend to stand it, do you? I cannot imagine it would be pleasant, responded Church, but it seems impossible.

And then the row at the Indian last night, he continued. What was that? asked the young man, not recurring at the moment to what he himself had seen. Pounding a Quaker, returned Quarry, that was all. Half a dozen—they have got their names, with Dodshaw at their head—beat him till he could not stand. They stretched out a leg for Mistress Dodshaw to hold a candle to. Shockingly burnt; chance he will never walk again; he will be so mortified. Sessions knows the man, comes to his shop once a year. Quiet, he says, retiring man, wouldnt hurt a cheesenit. I must say, I do say, I ought to say, it is infamous to abuse those lambs so—that is my opinion. If there is a penal state Dodshaw will pay for this. What do you think? Tell me another time, I must go now. And with these words he set his legs in motion and left Church standing without a companion.

Though not considered to belong to the first

circles, Quarry was tolerated as one who had other advantages, and indeed through his natural rights he swayed a power which was at once the envy of the proud old families and of the rising commercial fortunes. He was much considered by the stout capitalists. The young married men—many of whom he had had the honour of birching—bore in after-life a touching deference to his views; and marriageable ladies also had great confidence in his advice, so that the delicate as well as solid affairs of the town might be said to rest very much under his thumb.

His talking prowess was so remarkable that he was often called upon to solicit private causes, and sometimes to address a public meeting, which latter, however, he always declined. Thus it was admitted that he had talked Buffum into the office of mayor of Newport, though Buffum's personal claims were of the most nugatory description; and by this means it was thought he had induced Miss Prudence Cummin, or Prudence Goin', as some called her, to endow with her 10,000*l.* currency young Tew, though she was the daughter

of a deceased whaler, and he only the shopman of an existing small stores, general goods, and ship-chandlery establishment. For even at this early day the solid classes of Newport had laid their foundations deep in oil and blubber, and the social state was sprinkled with forms of locution that smacked of the chase of Leviathan, such as spouting, for public speaking; blowing, in connection with personal fatigue; and cutting it rather thick, for any excess in taste or manners.

A man thus endowed, in a country where the days for half the year were more comfortable with chums and switchel round a tenplate stove than in the open air, could not be free of politics. The subject was always a taking one in America, and at this time had peculiar attractions. Accordingly, what moments Quarry could spare from the classics, he had long given to public affairs, and had imported into this field, powers superior to those of most adventurers in it. He was busy in all town elections, primary meetings, and preparatory prologues, and it was owing to fortune, or his own efforts, that he commonly saved his can-

didates and generally carried his measures. But of late the national complications had given new dignity to exertions, which, though concealed from the common eye, were full of satisfaction to himself. He had early favoured the views of the disruptive class of politicians, of whom the denizens of Quaker Hill were zealous, though humble, adjuncts; but these views bore fruit in other parts before appearing much above ground at Newport. As they flourished, however, Quarry had extended the sphere of his activity, and was now a licentiate of several eleemosynary corporations in other provinces, and in proportion to the delicacy of his position on the frontiers of the new sentiments, was his importance in the eyes of distant councils.

He had a few co-workers in the town, particularly one, a young lady, who, with a full purse, had a large heart for the cause, but was content to make Quarry the medium of her contributions, without proselytising by his side. His own part, as chief of the local crusade, was to disseminate segregative sentiments, to buy up old muskets, to excite train-bands in neighbouring provinces, to store barrels of

whiskey at particular points, to collect as much money as possible, and it seemed to him he had already drained his own town dry, and, finally, by secret oratory and insinuation, while not neglecting the lower ranks, to bring over as many heavy first-class men as he could. Thus labouring in weighty designs, he often opened his door to important visitors, generally in the dusk of the evening or later.

This very night he received in his house a travelling apostle, whose visit showed in how great esteem the literary revolutionist was held in the ranks of the rising opinions. After leaving Church, he had got through his school hours successfully. He had flogged three boys for what he called defects in morals: the greatest of these being arrogance; and given several synchronous raps for solecisms in manners: but though his formal punishments were severe, it was the common sentiment that his unpremeditated hits were no less pungent. The day's duties done, even the day itself finished, Quarry found himself in his little sanctum, where he kept his school accounts and posted himself in Smart's Horace and

Ogilvie's Virgil, and also indited his patriotic correspondence, with his bottle and clay—for the good things of life are important in proportion as the intellect is classicized and the mind adorned with various knowledge. He had fairly warmed to his work, when a visitor claimed his attention, having prefaced his advent with the usual sound on the street knocker.

This was a man in middle life, with a whitish eye and dingy countenance, whose looks were rather stealthy than self-confident; but, however cat-like in movement, a chattering, squeaking face resembled him more to an ape, and, indeed, had much of the lineaments of that family. His appearance was not splendid, though a swelling periwig and abundant paste made the head and shoulders to smell of high breeding, to which the lower parts hardly responded. He had an air of the world that can suit all societies, even the highest, mixed with a self-abasement that may be useful in most offices, not excepting the lowest. He was a foreigner, most likely a Frenchman, though his broken dialect carried no flagrant marks of any

known tongue. His long yellow waistcoat, before it got to his hips, was faded and soiled, his breeches descended to partially abandoned knees, and suggested the thought that a favourable inspection would show that, at least, one of the stockings ventilated a very brown tendon Achilles, and that his hands were dark coloured and dirty, even with the gloves off.

I eese preese de libbaretee, sare, he began, with a bow much too low for the fashion of the provinces, you faire von leetle visit, even you no like it on de account of de freedom sik, sare. Quarry inclined his head condescendingly, though pleased with the elegant interlocutor, and the unknown prospect he was opening. Me eese much easy, me spick de mind vary large and say nussink dat I's tink of—von eese suppose you eese mush heard of de re-union of the Ameedreeds dat de great Meestare A-dam preside, sare.

The Society of the Hamadryads! I have, replied Quarry. And of de freends of de pupple in de ceety of de Quakres, resumed his visitor, vare de vimen eese all dam jolly and

no care, and of de sons of de libbaretee in de Jairsees, sare. I have heard of those societies, replied Quarry, cautiously. Von eese also suppose, proceeded the other, you eese mush heard dat her Majestie eese dem good freend, dat she veel remeet big money during de ten monse dat is fleed, and ave took de great care of dem in alle de time to come, and dat she veel send me dree monse ago, pour enflamme dare passions and mak de mischiefes mush as possible, for de cause of de libbaretee, bee dat I spick de Ingleese so pairfecklee, sare!

Baron de Kalb! exclaimed Quarry, in an extasy of pleasure; who could have thought I should have the honour of this visit? Shut you mouse and vee turn over, continued the baron. Me traduce you in Ingleese ven evare me choose, me traduce alle de bodies vera vell. Von eese also suppose alle de vorld veel know de great Mees-tare Queery, de shoot anger of de libbaretee, who so stick up de modare country, and do good to de libbaretee.

My lord, you are too kind, returned the

embarrassed Quarry. Shut you mouse, and vee turn over, proceeded the flatterer. You veel know ven de moment me put de feet to de ground, seexteen membare from Feely-delfee, and twantee from de Nouvelle Yorck, and dirty men from Boston, and seveen journaux, vat you call newspaperes, alle come to me nakeed and ungry, and I eese keep dem so evare since, alle de vile for de good of de libbareteee.

Quarry had heard of his operations, but had had until now, no definite idea of their great extent and nature. Impressed, however, with what seemed an extraordinary outpouring of liberality, he felt a great desire to divert the stream a little in his own direction. Our fund here is very low, said he. Shut you mouse and vee turn over, repeated his companion. You sall say you eese alle vary low fellares here, dat's nussink, alle de vorld sall know dat. Got bless me, I believe you, eese. You sall say you eese got no fun here, no you mind, me port de fun vare evare me go. I vas leave you some, as me veel give de cow boys last Dursday.

Quarry's complaint of the poverty of the national means in his hands was not untrue. The demand for taxes in aid had lately increased in number and amount. Old muskets were rising in value, the patriotic consumption of whiskey was growing in many localities at once, and Quarry had been obliged to defer some improvements at his back door, though much wanted, owing to the tardy incomings of the public zeal. Is it possible, he thought to himself, this good man will be as good as his word, or has been already?

Eef you tink you be more lubber of de libbaretee, continued the Baron, me give von hunderd, two hunderd, dree hunderd, me no care, dat's nussink. I am sure it would have an effect, exclaimed Quarry, with ill-concealed impatience, an excellent effect. You look here, proceeded the other, von eese also suppose dere has quelques good mens in dees town here, who vants de money. There be, replied Quarry; I answer with entire confidence. Indeed, there is at the moment an universal desire pervading all classes of this metropolis to that

effect. You look here, again spoke the negotiator, von eese also suppose eef he get de argent, he fight for de libbaretee, he lub him very mush, aha!

You must plant your cause before you can have your effect, rejoined Quarry.

You eese von good fellare, said the Baron, rubbing his hands into a conclusion, me sall stay at the Indienne. Dodshaw eese von good fellare. Me vas go to Boston de day, me no rappell eese vord, me sall say after de day dat follow de day veel be before him vee spick, to reese up the pupple, pour faire aller la vogue, to mak de grand discours into de Fun-neel alle. O, said Quarry. Ven me as been de retour, me vas ave de honneur to see you eese carry yourself vell, added the ill-equipped propagandist, and taking his leave, left Quarry uncomfortably contemplating what might be the approximative distance between promise and performance.

CHAPTER V.

When Church left Quarry with the injunction to defer until another time his views on the subject of the affray at the Generous Indian, he pursued his walk, and shortly reached the court-house in Thames-street. In a low wooden tenement beside it, which if not well looking itself, was as good as some of its neighbours, he found, as he had done more than once before, a lawyer's office. A lettered strip of tin at the entrance, bearing the anagram Paul Pynchon, attorney at law, a narrow flight of stairs, and a dark landing, brought him to a shabby looking and decaying

door. Come in, said a voice; and having obeyed this, Church confronted a spare dry little man, seated at a pine table with pen in hand, whose age was certainly not less than sixty, though his figure was that of a boy of ten.

To the oft-heard question: Is master Pynchon within? the prompt prothonotary mechanically answered, He is, at the same time inclining towards an inner door; which being open enabled the inquirer, to see into another equally small room with that in which he stood, but graced by the presence of a natural-sized man. Over this person's features time or some other agency had spread rich purplish tints. His form had expanded in the sun of prosperity, or at least under conditions favourable to growth and fulness, for whatever he may have done to his sexagintal clerk, he certainly had not starved himself.

His dress was professional, though his toilet bespoke neither elaborate design, nor recent care. His abundant hair, of a dirty iron-grey colour, was carried straight from the face, and gathered in a plait behind, that hung like a

bell-rope, and which, though not generally thought to be endowed with faculty of motion in itself, was seldom at rest. At every pause of words, or jerk of thought, the left hand feeling its way along the coat collar, gave it a pragmatic projection, that made it point the highest star on the meridian. If he could flirt his queue higher than a cow's tail, his head had a habit of swaying up and down, after a very equine fashion, when its owner opposed an objection, or issued a sarcasm. If he ever wore hair powder, it was not hair powder, but a succedaneum from the old scribe's pounce-box. If he ever had a hair-dresser, it was not really one, but a clerkly office, inserted in a preliminary hour, borrowed, not too many times in the year, from the business day. His tough breeches were made of the skin of some animal, and might have been made of his own, with increase of quality, and if not over cleanly, or bright in colour, were enduring. He had bought them when admitted to the bar, and here he was still seated in them, when fit to be a judge, and probably would have been a judge, had not

private practice been more profitable than public pay.

The lawyers of this day, it is known, on circuit and otherwise, were much and long on horseback, and therefore required a stout material for lower integuments. Thus the justice in eyre, who travelled twice in the solar year in this direction out of Providence, was accustomed to hear interlocutory motions on the road, and a counsel inclined to be saucy, as a great many counsel are, would trot up on his bridle hand. But it was only necessary, as the judge himself remarked, to bring him from the left to his right side, when the inclination changed with the position, though with skilful practitioners he admitted this was not easily done. This judge is said once to have tried a short cause in a heavy calendar with court and jurors, parties and witnesses, all in the saddle. He never wore spurs, but carried a good thick riding-whip, which was given as a reason at the time why the law was so slow, and the bar so respectable.

Before Pynchon as he now sat was a table,

whose naked wood bore a strangely mingled burden. Coils of catgut, skeins of silk, law papers folded and scattered sheets of MS., Cotton Mather's sermons, needles and scissors, a lump of wax and a turkey's wing, lay in friendly proximity, and next his hand a row of befurred little objects resembling somewhat unknown moths in a flurry. On the edge of this heterogeneous territory, fixed by a moveable screw to the board, was a little vice, in the jaws of which the man of law, it seemed, had entrapped one of these inconsiderable æons, and was twisting and curing it with absorbing interest.

Church, he began as he gave a blind salute to his visitor, what is new? The reply was not a ready one. Church felt embarrassed by the presence he was in, an effect increased by the weight of affairs that pressed equally, perhaps, his mind and affection. He had not expected to be called on so suddenly to open his budget. He had counted, too, on finding the head of the bar engrossed by the subject that filled his own in abording him, and was not prepared to see this gifted man

who was to save his patrimony roving for forage like a common individual who had no such duty to perform. But at last he gave utterance to a lean form of words, the spirit of which, if not the sound, amounted to Captain Nye, sir, and seven earthquakes at Concord.

Heard it at market this morning, replied Pynchon; but he was not a client of mine, and he must have died some time. What was the second branch of your remark? Seven earthquakes at Concord, repeated Church. Seven earthquakes, exclaimed Pynchon, as he started in his seat, at the same time twitching his cervical outlier,—first I heard of it. But those fellows at Concord are always shaking. In my opinion if they had seventy it would not be enough for them.

Two years ago Church, he continued as if beginning a tale that would be long, I went down to the old town to try a land cause. They must have the first counsel, and of course would have me. Such a jury! never saw stupid men before, and here were twelve of them. They called the foreman a sheep-stealer, but he looked more like a sheep.

Sheriff said they had been in the venire all his time and his father's too, had tried to get an act passed to turn them out, but the conservatives were too strong. Except the judge, he exceeded anything in nature. Except the crier, nothing could match him certainly; had been crying all his life, and did not know how to swear a witness on his voideer. Had never heard of it—could you imagine, in a civilized country, a country pretending to refinement—Judge had never heard of it, rides a sixteen hands horse and name begins with a big B. My junior had never heard of it, and was extremely interested when I explained it to him. So I told the landlord he had the biggest fleas and worst brandy of any circuit I ever knew, and left in a snow-storm.

Church received this exit with wonder. The general darkness did not exceed his own as to the meaning of a term that looked to belong more to venerie than law; but he had his embarrassment to himself, for Pynchon shuffling his feet, though still eyeing his work, proceeded:—In my opinion some of our fellows at Newport, if they dont get the start

of them at Concord, will be suspercolls before long. Why, if they go on much longer there won't be three cases in the docket of a term: our merchant princes are at a stand-still, speculation languishing, the best men must starve. Who told you it is not in my paper? Quarry, answered Church. What! Quarry the schoolmaster! then you should not have told me, said Pynchon doggedly. You know—I know—every one knows—that nugatory North Briton tells more lies in an hour than there are hairs in my mare Betsey's tail. Let him go scratch himself at home—I say let him scratch himself at home—and leave people alone here, good loyal people as ever was, deeply attached to the crown.

Harvey, now fully convinced that the natural convulsions of Concord had proved a miscarriage, involving opposite effects to what he had wished, was still anxious to redeem his character for agreeableness, or at least to restore the arbiter of ill to a mucilaginous state of mind. He still hoped to do so, and was looking over his reserves with that view; but as is often the case with acolytes, who have

more sensibility than readiness, the business of his visit was precipitated before he could get his mental machinery in motion, and the chance no longer offered.

Jacob, said the lawyer in a loud voice, commanding the poor clerk through an open door, fetch me that cock's hackle I brought in yesterday. I think, he continued, without lifting his eyes, your father had better hand me ten guineas. If there is anything I can do for you, I will do it with pleasure. But you know —I know—every one knows—a mill won't grind without grist, and I think he had better send five shillings to Jarvis. Jarvis would like to have it, and he is a smart hand at records.

Jarvis was a professional man in a bumboat, that hovered round the first rate; but in speaking thus positively of his inclinations, Pynchon probably rested on grounds irrespective of any advice from Jarvis himself.

Church had already heard from Dodshaw an account of Jarvis's visit to Newport on this very business, when the latter incidentally debated the landing of the Phœnicians, though Dodshaw did not mention his name, nor give

the young man to know that the business was his own.

Oh, certainly, sir, replied Church, as he counted the larger sum on the table. A pair of grave eyes watched the operation, and then without touching the coin, as if already secured by ocular possession, Pynchon looked for the first time at Harvey, while a placid smile slowly moved his features. Forty years is a long time to be in possession, said he, to lose it at last. Jacob, he again called to the contiguous clerk, fetch me first Yelverton. He placed the folio on his leathern knees, and opening it turned the pages here and then in another place, but as if unsuccessful in his search, again spoke: Jacob: 2 Keble and year book tempore Charles I.' The books were brought, and one after the other he turned over the leaves in silence.

Church felt some relief to his anxiety, but on what grounds he would have been at a loss to say. He ventured timidly to remark that this estate was valuable, that its loss would be severely felt by his family, meaning to request that for this reason Pynchon would be good

enough to order a favourable result to the contest. I have it, resumed Pynchon, as he took from the leaves of the book what seemed to be a dead insect. This is a killing fellow, Church, I do assure you. I am just going to borrow a bit of his yellow, and as he won't be in season till June, there will be time enough to dress him again.

Sir, said the mortified Harvey, when will the trial come on? Ah, that is more than I can tell, answered Pynchon, tossing his dorsal appendage with energy. I am engaged in every heavy cause in the list—people running after me all the time. But not until fly-fishing is over, I think, for he has demurred to my plea, and the law must be decided first. Jacob, never put the flies in the year books; they should go in Keble, or some of the younger reporters.

Master Church, he resumed, again shifting his legs, I have been thinking of your case—tough, evidently a first settler. To be sure the lessor of the plaintiff must prove his title without recovering by the weakness of yours. Well, he will show the great trust and Dobbin's

intestacy, and proceedings in Pomeroy against Shippen, and Sheriff Bobalink to old What-d'ye-call-'em, and patent from the Land Office, and Squire Reed's survey, and Tiffany's contract, and Tubb's adverse; it looks very bad you see, though it is conceivable if Dobbin left available issue, Tubb will never hold water. I shall knock his bottom out right away. But I can tell you the old ass never got a child in his life. And as he ended he stuck a needle through the thorax of the helpless creature in his power.

As link after link was added to the chain, Harvey felt great distress round the neck of his heart, and a series of difficult deglutitions that threatened choking when he should attempt to speak. Staunch to his purpose, however, he said: Father has sent you these papers, and here is the letter he spoke of —he has kept it thirty years. Encouraged by his success he presumed to inquire whether Pokanoket was likely to stand, as he heard he had been much shaken of late; and whether Bobalink's proceedings were quite regular and delicate, considering there was no notice,

and he advertised across the line, and nobody at the sale but his aunt, though she said he knocked her down twice, and it was thought she was a blind or fictitious person.

And suppose he did! exclaimed Pynchon in a painfully attic voice, while the querulous queue stood stiff with feeling. What are you going to do with sixteen judgments, three pecks of promissory notes, and a row of encumbrancers that might pass fire-buckets from here to Trinity?

Church was at a loss for immediate answer to a difficulty that the most protracted reflection might not have afforded him. Still he thought this uncommonly large view was exaggerated, particularly in the point of dry measures; and the introduction of fire-buckets he conceived, might more reasonably inflame his anger at Pynchon's unfeeling words, than drown all hopes of the future extrication of his father's substance. Finally he thought what difference would it make whether his father's estate were eaten up piecemeal by this learned man, or swallowed whole by Seixas.

Disconsolate and oppressed he left the room,

having first promised to return at an early day with several documents, which Pynchon said it was important to have if they could be found. But he had not gone far along the street, before his mind was willing to exchange disaster for pleasanter images. He thought of his return home on the following day, his business finished, but dwelt with pleasure on a scheme he revolved at the moment, of visiting on his way a certain picturesque vine-covered dwelling, where his heart may be said to have already arrived, having preceded his body by several hours.

As soon as Church had closed the door, Pynchon proceeded to a systematic assault on the nerves of the pusillanimous clerk. Jacob, said he, you ought to have said from the first to Church, that I was engaged to Seixas, and you ought to have let Seixas' clerk know Church had been to see me, but not found me in. A lad like you ought to have an eye to the business and property relations of such a town as Newport, Jacob; act promptly on the moment, lay your finger on the egg that is hereafter to be a fine cock.

Yes, sir, said Jacob, with a desire to improve. Bless my legal soul! continued Pynchon, Bob Giles was an invaluable clerk. If he had not died, I should never have had you. You bleed me twice a week, and soon as I see hot water I begin to swear. He shaved like a virgin; in my opinion you never make me feel like a gentleman. Poor Bob dressed me the day I argued Rex against Willing; it was a big cause, big fee, and Bobby was proud of it. Have known many a man of talent ruined by his clerk, Jacob.

No, gently interjected Jacob, as if doubting the possibility of such clerkly wickedness. Decided talents, continued Pynchon. Better have a butcher's calf sitting at that desk there, than one who cannot smell well—no sensibility to degrees of preference and comparative considerations. I have got on the wrong side, and I doubt it is your fault. I am always defending causes in formâ pauperis, as old Burnet used to call them, that is to say, pauper cases with a pauper for a client.

Having delivered himself of the sentiment that oppressed him, Pynchon gravely walked

across the room and confronted a little cupboard that let into the book-shelves, about breast high, seemed placed there to relieve the dull continuity of learning, or for humectation of the dry constitution of law. Opening this, he found the only lodgers—a black man and a little white boy, as he was wont to call them. Some conjunct movements having taken place between the three, apparently to Pynchon's satisfaction, he slung his funicular to the sky, and handed the white boy to Jacob. This act of condescension usually left the secretary's palate in a dreadfully yearning state, though in supplying only the narrow uses of a smelling bottle, it sometimes refreshed his spirits and revivified ideas of some distant happiness.

At present it was more than ordinarily meagre of consolation. Jacob had been reflecting how he should die like Bob Giles, and not like him be well spoken of. His life had been dull and childless, for it was impossible to marry and be cheerful on Pynchon's allowance; but his religious views of annihilation made him still cling to his squeezed body. He often scented the chill air of the tomb, or

mistook for it the smell of parchment and papers in the office of a cold wet day, when no fire rarefied the dank atmosphere. Though some people have a theory that little men never die, especially law clerks who have passed the youthful stage of acute diseases, Jacob felt the futility of such a belief, and Giles was an instance to show it.

Perhaps, sir, he interposed soothingly, it is not yet too late to change sides. I dont know but it may be so, said Pynchon reflectively; but in fact he knew the contrary, for at that moment he was turning in his thoughts, that having already appeared in court on Church's side his destiny was fixed even in the opinion of the Dives whose service he desired.

After all, thought the self-consoler, rich men are not the best clients. Youcant frighten, you cant wheedle, you cant juggle them. It is a singular arrangement of nature, that people with commissariat notes in their pockets always have brains in their heads. No, I would rather have a fellow who, not thinking himself wealthy, has something that

can be come at, than be nibbling long at a rich man and never get a comfortable bit of cheese. What has got into people of late, I dont know. Why dont they quarrel and be happy, or cheat and be joyful as they used to do? O sacred Justice! as Paul Æginetus says, how shall thy ministers starve if there be no sacrifices! Honourable advocate, he continued, heavy speaker—would be of weight in any cause. Well profession worse and worse —but this brandy is good anyhow!

Jacob, he called aloud, have you put the little boy to home? Yes, sir, said Jacob, I put it away as soon as you gave it me, there was nothing in it. Of course, replied Pynchon, but you know—I know—every one knows—you are not over tidy, did you wash it?

Yes, sir, replied Jacob stoutly, I washed it.

CHAPTER VI.

PAUL PYNCHON was one of a class that at the time had much influence. The colonial lawyers were a fine offshoot of the cockney attorneys, for many of the latter had emigrated, and the old spiders of St. Swithin's or Bell Yard often had a first son planted in the Plantations. The filial soon became more genteel than his parent; for in this incomplete land the attorneys were some of them bum-bailiffs, and all of them barristers, and the only barristers the country contained. They were nurses to the land speculations, and fomented all the private quarrels in all

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the provinces. In days when public meetings were frequent, and exciting questions stirred the people, these able citizens principally shared in the one, and most largely discussed the other. But in this case their influence was of the kind that repels instead of attracting, and their arguments might have been turned the other way with more credit to their efficacy. Public opinion soon left them in the lurch, but not long, for they speedily made arrangements to follow it. At first, almost without exception, obedient tools, servile flatterers of the ancient régime, when this showed a trembling shadow they were the busiest advocates of another.

Paul took care that the character of the class should suffer no loss at his hands. He rather intensified its features and concentrated its compact spirit, so that he was a mark for early hostilities, and came into camp with a good many arrows sticking in his body. His practice was considerable, and his repute for ability stood high, but his selfishness and unity of carefulness were extreme, and his cunning equal to his selfishness. His sardonic

manners could pass into the slobbery and fawning, but his usual style was scoff and contradiction, overlaid with self-soothing and abuse of others. He was impressed apparently more than other men with the shortness of life, for he always signed his letters, Yours in haste. His attached friends and intimates called him slippery and successful; and these qualities doubtless had favoured accumulations that he looked upon with pride. If he was thus appreciated by the public, he was also understood by his family relations. He had three brothers, melancholy men with long queues and unprosperous fortunes; and not only did Pynchon play high snob to these gentle veterans, but, in proportion to their need of an ancestral cushion, had done his possible to make the inheritance sick and dwindling, and then by a surprising stroke took the best part to himself. If his income was moderate the times were moderate, and business lay in a contracted compass, though esteemed ample before luxury had invaded a land of simple but not all good habits. The English parliament, however, had lately re-

mitted admiralty jurisdiction to the courts in America, and this to the advantage of Pynchon's pocket, for he and others now sheared the sheep or divided the mutton that formerly went to Doctors' Commons.

Pynchon was like most men of the Plantations, a lover of field sports, but fonder still—and in this he still followed his age—of libations social and solitary. He mingled his practice of the two sometimes with uneven balance; for on the fine autumn days he had been known to lie long under a fence-rail, caparisoned for war, with a hen partridge and her grown-up family feeding at his toes. And he particularly affected a hot afternoon in Cæsar's month, seated in a punk with a sheep-boy, on a burning yellow sea-pond speckled with insect dippers and rising mud-bubbles, disentangling his lines and little winged hooks, the task growing more hopeless as it grew longer, though inspirited by frequent imbibitions; but night had always fallen, and the boy wanted to go home before his apparatus got into working order.

The family estate of the Churches, part of

which was now imperilled by unjust hostility and defended by Pynchon, lay across the water in Tiverton and Compton, embracing a portion of out towns washed by the Atlantic to the south and Narragansett Bay on the west. It was a fair country, generally rising in the line of its shorter axis, with occasionally distinct and higher hills, whence the eye in open ground had distant views, whether inland or seaward, and the sun at his rising and setting was more beautiful than all. Its climate, compared with the skies around, was soft, though changeable; its soil fertile, its trees in particular spots of remarkable growth and luxuriance. It was diversified by little rivers, that seemed the youngest children of ocean, and clear fathomless lakes, or *ponds* in colonial speech, whose calm face the locust tree, or horse chestnut strewed with flowers. But the lakes, the rivers, and neighbouring sea abounded in excellent fish; so that both land and water seemed to invite incomers, and promised to keep them comfortable afterwards.

The first progenitor of the stock in America was Deliverance Church, a learned divine and

churchman, and, like Penn, a gentleman by birth and degree, who had been the subject of those migratory instincts that people new lands; though he himself thought he had left his home and large property in the west of England for political or family disgust. He came out about 1630, leaving behind him a wife and children, whom he was never to see again. Before setting sail he had drawn his houses, as was then usual before great adventures, and told his wife doubtingly, also a common mode of exciting affection, that he discovered a star which presaged captivity. But in answer, she was urgent on him to depart, for reformers are not always desirable inmates, telling him he was one the Lord cared for, which is also not generally the case perhaps. Accordingly he went aboard, misgiving, it is said, that the lady had evinced more faith than affection, and resolving for the future to leave her in the same category as himself. The good man's horoscope, though indifferently interpreted, had prophesied misfortune truly, for when getting near the end of his voyage, a violent storm confused his

course, and within a few rods of the shore, the ship was shattered, and the desponding truant crawled out of a raging surf, to make his début on the rocks of Seaconnet. After the lapse of weeks or months, he made his way to Plymouth, and subsequently entered into a quasi contract of matrimony, soon afterwards legalized and redeemed, with a young woman of the vicinage, who assisted him in rearing, what any of the line was sure to have if required, a second family in comfort and repute.

The disgrace of a soiled escutcheon, thus smirched by the Magna Stirpes himself, had long since been wiped off by the worth of his descendants. The influence of the family, always considerable at home, was upheld in the colonies by several of the name, renowned for warlike skill and prowess, as well as others who were improvers in civil life or high in the trust of their fellow-subjects. The leader of the English in the Indian war that broke out in 1674, was Captain Benjamin Church, a lineal extraction of the shipwrecked Deliverance. After performing prodigies of valour, if we are to believe early chroniclers, that

made the country ring with his fame, this old warrior went to live and die in Little Compton, where his name is yet legible on a tombstone, alongside the ancient meeting-house that sanctifies that simple hamlet.

On a shapely swell of land, that overlooked both seas, and was itself an object in the regard of distant eyes, not very far from the northern end of the island, and in an age the most remote, some intermediate between Deliverance and the present extant, had built himself a house. Large it was, and superior perhaps to any built at the present day; for architecture it seems declines with the progress of wealth and mechanical arts, and its oldest triumphs are still the best. Models, and some of the materials of building, were not then rife in the country; and in fetching both from England, the founder followed a fashion that up to a later day extended to importing beef and butter. But he had a fancy, that no native timber was lasting enough for a race so reproductive as his own, and therefore depended a good deal on English oak.

Though fond of having his children around

him, he was also fond of living among his forefathers, and it was by his order that a doleful procession of full lengths set out to cross the seas. But the very elements seemed roused to resist this unnatural expatriation, or were enlisted in the interest of the dumb heroes and ladies, to drive back their ravishers. At any rate, storms cut them up unmercifully, and but few survived the perils of the transit to reach the neighbourhood, where a new Tiverton, and like temperature, had reminded them of their native Devon. Among those whose loss the master most regretted, was his great relative, a friend and sometime companion of Drake, who had touched with this captain the shore of the Pacific, and helped to give the name of the latter to a bay that indents a now well-known sea line, and who had subsequently escaped from wreck with him, and now repeated on canvas the moist discomfiture, though this time with fatal extinguishing effect.

Failing in part to assemble his family portraits at the new rendezvous, the next best thing was to bring over social customs,

that then showed brighter than now, and living in years when neither policy nor feeling commanded the contrary, this ancient affected the territorial mother of his blood, and strove to plant in a new country the household institutions of the old. Among these was free hospitality; and in this he succeeded so well, that few of the scattered aristocrats of the whole land, (and be it known the colonial Principes were men of the purest style, by no means falling short of their home exemplars,) had not at some time shot his ducks in the salt marshes, followed his hounds, mauled his partridges, and particularly consumed his venison, and run off his claret. While his contract tenantry and neighbours, lithe active single-eyed men, at a time when pumpkin pies and boiled bags of Indian sawdust were struggling for existence, received with more than approbation the plum-puddings that were regularly bowled across the ocean, and made no objection to the diffusion of malt liquors, which, if not suited to the climate, seemed adapted to the people that lived in it.

Here the old gentleman intended that his lineage should harbour comfortably, with as much of state as the spirit of the land would allow, which was something greater than now. His wishes were not badly accomplished, for now, several generations after his own, the family was still seated there, with their good name unimpaired, if not grown with the increase of wealth and population around them. The churches were always prolific bearers, and once rooted in a spot, like artichokes in a garden, difficult to extirpate, so that whatever else might assail them, it was never likely to be danger of becoming extinct. The original homestead had done well in this particular, but it had rivals at a distance. From time to time offshoots, that the designs of nature render venturous or troublesome, had, with their own or the patriarch's will, wandered from the parent stem. One supporter of the arms had set up his stakes in the western part of New York, where his out colony is now a creditable and numerous one. And another had carried his patronymic to Virginia, where he too was successful in continuing, what is

by all accounts at this hour, a plentiful branch of the long-drawn progeny.

Long residence under a new sky had somewhat weaned the family from its natal affections, though not from the dispositions that big people in a big house ought always to display. The first builder had passed his free board to his successor, and this to several more perhaps without obvious curtailment; but the means of open cheer were dwindling when the virtue itself remained, and at present, though no part of the family acres perhaps were yet out of hand, the shadow of the dead pledge was deepening. The disease had first attacked the domal chest abroad whence the main supplies had always come. In the troubles of the civil war some of the race, enterprising and valorous on the wrong side, were dreadfully damaged in their estates and cash; and these the Restoration did not restore, nor fortune afterwards compensate. Neither on this side was the fate of landholders a blessed one; for what had been primarily purchased for glass beads and maddercloths was long in reaching a better appreciation, and while the

outgoings were considerable, the stream seemed never inclined to turn. The progress of the old French, war and the march of civil dissensions now in close prospect, had tightened the knot of trouble to the degree that the fingers of the spoiler were ready to part the inheritance. Indeed, the artless conveyancing when land was cheap, the defect of records and carelessness of assurances when population were scattered and penurious, had led to a wonderful scarcity of muniments and looseness of titles that long after troubled domestic peace, and at this hour threatened danger of very alarming proportions to the scant coffers of the family Church.

Harvey, whom we have lately seen in Newport, had started on his return from the metropolis with two designs in his head; but more fortunate than is often the case with human dispositions, only one of them was fated to fail of its accomplishment. He buried his dog, and that was the first of his plans. On reaching the scene of the lying-in-state he found the chief figure apparently undisturbed. The mortal shell of Flog felt stiff and woodlike, for

the rigor mortis had been helped by the cold of the weather. His expression, reposing before, though caught in an unfinished thought or passion, had become more fixed, and the ruby drops that were the last proofs of animation no longer dripped, though a frozen puddle on the ground told they had once done so. Near the tree were confused printings on the white blanket, where some rover of the cold wood had probably investigated from a little distance the melancholy object. And leading to this a track, as if made by a creature that walked on one leg, but which was easily recognized for that of the wily fox, who, very fearful of the tell-tale snow, with accurate steps and precisely adjusted toes makes the impress of one foot serve for another.

With the aid of a spade borrowed from the nearest house, though this was two miles off, Church placed all that was left of the valiant and trusty where none of the natural yeomanry of unseated lands would be likely to trouble him. His next care was to plane the bark from a full-grown ash, on a side that looked towards his late deposit, until having smoothed a liberal

page he set to work with cold fingers, and a sharp knife to carve in rough Doric letters the name of his late adherent, followed by the words Died in action, and the date. If the page had been longer and the weather warmer, he would perhaps have added what he probably thought: Non perdo amicos nisi fideles.

These short and sad rites done which could not on any account be delayed, Church was minded to turn aside from his direct way to visit a household long known to his own, and where he himself stood on the footing of an intimate. It was the home of the lady equestrian he had lately met a little way out of the town; and if the pleasure of this interview had been great the prospect of its renewal was by no means displeasing. He thought he might look to find in the drawing-room neither the horse nor the dog nor the black esquire, and their absence was not likely to lessen his enjoyment. But the simple pocket wardrobe he had brought with him on his accession to the capital, though seemingly increased in bulk as it certainly had in incommodity, was not bettered in condition. On the contrary, subjected to an alterative

process, it had no longer anything for change to feed on. This to a young cavalier—not to say a lover—was a stumbling-block that estopped his wishes, for though a man may be respectable and useful on a field of battle without a sword, no one can have influence over the hearts of his fellows without a clean shirt, More than this, Pynchon's cheery view of his family entanglements, and the rose colour he had thrown over his father's present and future, had given a wrench to his feelings and blurred his fancy in a way that he thought hardly admitted of his appearing like himself, and this without giving him a more agreeable character.

Swayed by these reasons, therefore, he continued his straight travel homewards, and in due time touched on the outer domain of his family fields. His foot-journey, though solitary, was pleasant. At times he was startled by the whirring of a partridge or heath-hen, for sportsmen being few, the coveys were full and strong even far into the winter. He saw overhead the diurnal procession of the crows, which in the morning directed towards the coast, as night came on took up its homeward

march in reversed order. In the dead season when food was scarce inland, this thoughtful people had recourse to the marshes and tide-left margin of the continent. At breaking dawn, or even before, all the black coats that could steal corn and fly, of the Bay Province, betook themselves to the southerly verge of Providence plantations. At any rate, for some time after the sky was barred with rivers of ink, all pouring towards the sea. But when meridian day was a few hours past, these aerial streams, attended by outriding spots and parallel patches, flowed again on their sources; for true to love of the natal soil, though dining in a foreign land, the typical raptatores always came back to sleep in their own.

It was yet, judging by the breadth and multitude of the dark armies above him, some time to nightfall, and Church expected therefore, as it proved rightly, to arrive in season for dinner. His road lay through cultivated closes, and now through a considerable extent of forest. More than once it showed him the ocean, and at other points he could see behind him in cloud-land the Wattachuset mountain,

that lay far in the north-west. At last the grey mansion, with the living smoke peered at him through leafless trees, became more plain at every step he took, and then stood fair before him as he passed through a stout barred gate, that swung between pillars of brick, and admitted him to his paternal grounds.

CHAPTER VII.

As Church entered the home park, a winding avenue of half a mile or more ran in and out of plantations, where silver pines consorted with various firs, with dogwoods, kalmias, and mountain laurel. And as he ascended this, two or three pauper robins greeted him with a small welcome; a glossy, black musician whistled a note of triumph before him, shrill, clear, and good for the heart; while a cat-bird whined on one side and the other of his steps, with the affectionate complaining manner of a real puss.

Alas! thought the young man to himself,

where are now the brothers and sisters that once made the old house gay? That the world must be peopled seems truer in this land than another, where it was spoken for a jest. In early life our loves are quartered, and divided, and spread to the four winds, as if there were something more important in life than being happy. Active uncles and cheery old aunts have one by one deserted the garrison; and cousins, that if not more loved were more enjoyed, have likewise gone over to the enemy. Friends too have died, or lost their health or their property, or got new employments, or absorbing cares, with the obvious design of making this house miserable. Nothing is left but the youngest and worst of the lot, and the good old father that has lived long enough to see life a waste. Even fortune has worked its wings with the rest, and shortly if I come home at this hour, I shall find a strange middle-aged man sitting in father's arm-chair, drinking father's old wine, and ordering father's old butler about; and a foolish young man making much of my setters, who has been shooting with my guns all the morning, or

dog-earing my books, or tangling or breaking my rods and fly lines. But amid this shifting and changing there is something stable, and that is the black servants. They never die, they never rise in the world, never lose their fortunes, never settle or wish to settle new parts, but like the floors and trees are a part of the home, and a good part too.

With these lengthy reflections Church had got near the mansion, when the solemn figure of a good-sized man strode over the smooth gravel as if to meet him. The hair of his bare head was of a rich grisly colour, with a queue sixteen inches long, but it was a false one. His eyebrows were thick but still grisly. He had no beard, unless an isolated tuft low on the right cheek, an inch and a half from his mouth, might pass for such. This was a warty little mound that rooted a bush of the same resisting hue with his other crinature; for he belonged to a race so repellent of time that old age seldom or never gives them a thoroughly white arborescence, though the face will gradually faint into senna brown.

His red breeches and grass-green coat had

much the air of a gentleman's apparel, which is not surprising, for both had lately belonged to his master. In fact, nothing had been originally constructed for him at no time, but a stout under flannel, which in accordance with a domestic statute of great antiquity, he put his arms through on the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and took off at Easter, and as both are moveable feasts, and the seasons themselves inconstant, the rule applied at either end sometimes too early, and sometimes too late for his comfort. In his countenance reverend age was mixed with unabashed servility; and it was plain that official pride resided in his rather pompous air, as well as loving-kindness, at least towards the scions of the blood patriarchal. His name was Cato; and in truth he embodied much of the appearance and some of the virtues of that inhabitant of the old earth.

Mass'r Harvey, he exclaimed, forgetting entirely his conventional stiffness, and grasping the new-comer by the hand, is you sane and soundin? hopes so, but you looks scarce, you doos. Mass'r is salubrious and expec-

torates you dis here meridian. Laws dear! makes us down aguish to seen you missin, it doos. Why on airth dizzent you tuk two hosses and a woolcomber? Why deys nothin in all dis here life to do nor stan and eat oats all day, dem niggers. Howsumever, added the old man, recurring to his line of duty, I seed by the clock it's sharp ten minutes to the pint or thereumbout, and I'se official bizness. I'se agwine to lather all de boys in executive order, perwided Mass'r Harvey be's too late for dinner; I is sot on it.

It will be my own fault, and not theirs, if I be, said Harvey; but I will just step a moment to my room, Cato, and be sure not to sound the bell until you see me on the stairs.

But the master of the good old house claims our attention, for his like is not now to be found, nor ever will be again in the same alentours. Descendant of ancient commoners, and the father of gentlemen, he was a cavalier in politics, but a loveable man in everything. Like more than one of his next forefathers, he was called colonel, and his eldest son, even now, in a distant province, carried the same endearing

agnomen. The colonel who had last begotten a colonel was one past the prime, perhaps the withering stage of life, but the butler had express orders to grow old before him, and so long as this evergreen remained *capax rerum* his master postponed considerations of surrender. In early life, and far beyond the middle term, habits of field exercise had developed his frame finely, but for years now these had decayed, had become less and less, and finally disappeared. The good living he had brought with him, or found in the world from his earliest days, when no longer evaporated by hardy sports, had laid on the timbers of a first-rate a remarkable bulk, so that if not the best, he was indisputably the biggest man of his neighbourhood.

The cavalier babies it is known were early accustomed to the flavour of strong waters. They were often washed in rum, and dosed for their pangs with old Hollands instead of Dalby's carminative. They learnt to coax the flagon almost as soon as any other mode of suction, and the milk they got was for the most part milk punch, so constantly did the mothers bathe

the bottle mouth before giving it to the tiny topers. The two-year olds, it was said, always had a gill of mild Madeery to their midday dinner; and it was not uncommon to see a young man in frock and pinafore who had exceeded discretion, more noisy and rollicking than became his age.

All this was rather the effect than the cause of a fashion of deep drinking that marked the times, and in ripe age generally outdid the nursery promise of stimulating liquidity. If the Masters of Divinity at Oxford reckoned their power by magnums, it may be imagined that the country gentlemen of America had at least an equally noble system of accounts. And with greater safety; for the fat man who grew Latin roots and Greek trees in his brain, and for exercise changed seats round the green of a whist table, was often fatally swollen and sleepy against his will, while his provincial fellow-creature who followed hard riding chose his time for apoplexy, and usually postponed his rush of blood to the head to a good old age.

The Colonel, like his coevals and intimates, the Carters, the Lewises, the Pendletons, the

Wythes, and Lord Fairfaxes of the south, did his part in the secular soaking. His daily consumption had been enough to profane the whole mancipium of a small town in this age, but with the Colonel only made the day to set in benignancy that had begun in kindness, and to cast into misty shadow the claws of the demon that threatened him. His unfashionable soul had seldom or never wronged any one; and in his ethics wrong had a spreading sense, for justice with him was a virtue of multitude, that included goodly words and rich acts, a great love of giving and none of receiving. Little selfish, and undesigning to a degree that must have injured the national prosperity, he had never, either by the work of his hands or the cunning of his head earned a single sixpence. Nor had it ever entered his thoughts to do so, for his theory was that there was a certain amount of property in the community, and that to appropriate more than had been arranged for us at the outset, was simply to take it from those who had a better right and probably more need of it than ourselves. In fact, the Colonel was a drone *de la première*

force, with economic views that are seldom found in a rich state, and not often met with in a languishing republic.

Born to a large estate, he knew no other use for money, after liberal household expenses and yearly dues on traditional post obits, and in later days some of his own specialties, than to make his friends and neighbours happy, or to keep them so. To the one he was absolutely the father of the prodigal son, re-edited with additions, and for the latter a comfortable comrade who held up good principles, whose advice was sagacious, and charity to errors never spent. If a neighbour had necessity there forthwith jumped from the Colonel's *caisse* a gift, though it seemed to come from the sky. If the bashful man needed a loan it was supplied with equal offhandedness; and if repayment were tardier than it should have been, the only effect was to pray the delinquent to dinner, above or below stairs, and a couple of bottles of good wine to keep him from feeling bad, and these attentions usually continued with increasing intensity as long as danger of the ailment lasted.

In his days of plenty, indeed, his hospitality

was magnanimous, for after filling his guest at dinner, he often surprised him by what seemed an inexplicable hacking and slashing of the joint or joints at table in a manner that looked to be not more objectless than cruel. But this he explained was to put the subject of his fence beyond the possibility of a reappearance, saying it should never be reheated to injure the digestion of his friends. As gigots, however, became more rare, particularly when young cows, so valuable in other respects, began to cut up for daily rations, the grand dishes were treated with more respect. Finally the point arrived when *rechauffements* inspired almost equal tenderness with the original, and the uninjured overplus of one day was gratefully allowed to serve for the whole of another.

For many years after reaching his majority the Colonel had watered his bonds with refreshing punctuality; but at last some restless fundholders insisted on convèrting their perpetual annuities into present payment, though in the Colonel's solemn belief their contract likened the national debt, and so long as the home government acquitted the interest they had no

occasion to call for the capital. At the same time the affairs of the country became stagnant, property sank in value or was unsaleable, and the time had fairly set in when twelve shillings a week makes a man easy and independent, but any larger resources commonly prevents his being either. The Colonel chewed his troubles as he could, but imparted little, particularly to his children. He docked his establishment severely, and was even cruel to many of his comforts, but continued his liberalities, on the principle that there was no reason why others should feel the hard times rather than himself.

At last his living and giving were screwed up to the tightest constriction, and everything in the shape of the ready passed into the remorseless maw he was constantly looking down. He still retained his people, for their agricultural diet owed little to retailers. Happily, in spite of the obvious insolvency, his sows retained a rage for litters, his cows took their turn at the like pleasure, his hens were equally infatuated with the rhapsodies of race, and the crops on his home farm sprouted and

ripened in remarkable disregard of the abstract ideas of liens and lawsuits. Once a month he still put a silver piece in the communion plate, for with this view he arrested a passing effigy betimes, and kept him close prisoner. He still drank his wine, for the cellars had a large stock, and as long as he stayed he must use that as well as water from the well, with as little apparently lessening to one as the other. But day by day the truth became clearer to others as well as to himself, that before many years or months the head of the most ancient colonial house must undergo a grand catastrophe.

After his elder children had married and left him, and Harvey was away at college, he had all the advantage of solitary hours for contemplating the curiosities of his position. Often after his lonely dinner, the cloth removed and the wine placed, he would bring his papers to the table and set his lugubrious face to work at some unexplored intricacy, some forgotten history, or even attempt a general *resumé*. In the latter case, the figures rolled up in solid column, or dribbled along

in detachments from all possible corners, and as the crowd thickened his impotations increased. But, at last, he would regret having sounded the assembly at all, and ordering a halt to all the inroads, call for another bottle. This provided, he again essayed to marshal the hateful host, but some floundering regiment, or tardy platoon, was always coming up just as the line was filled to necessitate another extension. And when he attempted to receive the state for the day, from bodies of all arms, the task was too much for his mind, too much for his nerves, and, straightway, he drowned the reporters, and his own recollections, in the ready Falernian.

At other times he would push the insuperable hieroglyphics away, and resort to a physical extension of his ethical troubles, equally ingenious and striking, by drawing a map of his estates and detached properties with a wet finger on the mahogany. The topography was extensive, for his possessions were many and large. He would plump down a big apple in this and that corner to represent a heavy incumbrance, with a raisin on top to show

that it was one of a well-fruited parent stem, while his own grants in pledge, for the most part lighter, were figured by a cork or chestnut burr. He would lay a fork here and there, to emblem the effect of a legal judgment, and sometimes a two-tined carver reached over more than one compartment, and sometimes a walking-cane would stretch across many of his pippins. Outside the boundaries, but looking towards his property, a line of rocky walnuts hinted at personal footing without landed security, and behind these a few fat persimmons stood on the scheme for tradesmen.

His task always lasted longer than his bottle, and when he entered on another it still remained to typify personal assets. But a distant corner of the plain, and a few chips of biscuit or shell barks, sufficed to shadow forth a company, not very numerous or important. But when, at last, the bodily presentment was complete, and he could study proportions with the eye, the old man fell into weakness, or there was something in the prospect too overwhelming, for he usually gave way to tears, and as hot drops trickled on his bosom

frill, the bubbling decanter ducked to his glass, and kept time with hysterical sobs.

At the present moment the Colonel's cares lay lighter against his diaphragm than usual.

It was a comfort for him to see his youngest son again, even after a few days' absence, to hear his present report and confer with him on standing topics, for, within a year or two, he had almost of necessity taken him into council, and Harvey had become, if not an experienced adviser, a very useful intermediary. At any rate, with a companion, the Colonel escaped certain bugbears with long tails, that stared at him when alone. These the presence of Cato could not dispel. On the contrary, this minister's preposterous *queue* and sepulchral cast of face, both of which he obstinately made a point of service in the after-dinner dusk, as he stood stark and stiff over the drowsy state of his thought-oppressed master, somewhat resembled, and often interchanged with the worst spectres of the Colonel's imagery.

It was not many moments after Church entered the hall door, that he was seated with his father at a table large enough for a nu-

merous company, though, at present, only one end of it was apparelled for the use of two persons. The venerable house held good store of books, for as is often the case in a long line, the love of mental delights had peeped out among robuster tastes. It possessed many relics of the past; and in a row of oak cupboards upstairs, much correspondence of the worthy men of contemporary annals, both at home and in the Plantations. But the room now in question was hardly less full of recollections than other parts. Over the cornice projected a pair of big antlers, with a label yellow and dark with age: 'South end of Prudence, 13th September, 1681.' To other parts of the wall, even between huge picture frames, were affixed feather ornaments, or tattered garments, it was hard to say which, and more so, that they were spoils from the eagle, the wild swan, even the owl, as well as the red bird and blue bird, though tradition delivered the fact. In a corner rested weapons, some of a kind in vogue before the invention of gunpowder, and some that must have succeeded that event, which the word Anawam referred

to a touching history, and most so in the end that had brought the regalia of a sovereign to deck a dining-room. The comfortable apartment was otherwise solidly furnished, with a beaufet that showed a good array of old plate, and several full-length portraits—one of the General Dalziell, with a very long beard, and another of a Church in armour, which seemed to prove that the age of the family, perhaps its military credit, antedated even savage wars. The table utensils were of the lasting kind. The old butler, who was one of them, stood upright or intervened when wanted, and when silent looked full of sense and proper speech. His manners were such as became a man who had sat down his twenty or thirty, and felt in some secret part of his person what commanded great stores of old wine.

Harvey had made his report, even several times over, as well as discussed business matters, but the free talk still continued between father and son. My dear Harvey, said the Colonel, it pains me to think of you; your brothers and sisters are all established, it will disappoint them to lose my

property, but they can do without it. Good children they are too; there is Ben wants me to come and live with him. I shall do no such thing; but if I do, I will give him a good hiding the first day I enter his house, to show I must be master. There is Frances too, and Byrd, and Kenhawa Randolph, and Corbyn—all the James' river ruffians true as steel. Boy! they think of the day I used to lend them from Hampton up to Richmond Mills. We will drink their healths in two bumpers —cock your glass.

Sonnie, he continued, after the full ceremony had been fully performed, who shall say this world is a bad world? Here is a letter came by post yesterday. Ah, here are my lenses I was looking for; but in fact he had only been looking through the refractive bottom of his wine glass? Well, that is odd, for where is the letter. The pockets of this coat are as bad as a book to find anything in.

Harvey, to assist the search, thought of turning to a little coffee table where rested a large Bible, and opening this about the middle of

Job, though the book itself chose that division, there to be sure was a fresh-looking letter that looked like the right one. Give it me, said the Colonel, for I never knew one know to read, at least emphasize correctly, under fifty, and you are short of that. Eh! what! why this is Ketchum and Cheetham, the New York attorneys! Ah, Sonnie, you have brought me the pincers instead of the sugar-tongs.

Harvey blushed for his mistake; but the pain it occasioned was short, for the true epistle just then discovered itself inside the Colonel's waistband. Most people, said the Colonel, keep their letters in their drawers, and so do I you see. Well, I shall read, and here is the gist of the matter:—"If you have land or houses on which you would like to place a couple of thousand, say 2,000*l.*, it is at your convenience for a term you shall name, and we shall be content with your own estimate of value." And then, as if that were not enough, proceeded the Colonel, while his high colour showed a greater contrast than usual with the thin white locks—"At the request of our Mr. Morris, we add that your draughts to

300*l.* a-year, will always have our regard, and the account for convenience, and with your approval will debit his own."

Who? who? inquired the delighted Harvey. Morris and Willing, he replied; you see I have friends in my pocket still. And on the strength of this pleasant verity, he rapidly versed both bottle and glass, one after the other. But no, he again spoke, I have not lost my wits yet. They will not sell me I suppose, nor Cato; well then I can live on 30*l.* a-year, what on earth should I be spending more for?

The dinner had now passed, and the Colonel wheeling his big chair to the fire, motioned his child to do the like, and opened the further converse with a notable libation. It was yet a little to the end of day. The setting sun poured a rich colour across the lawn, that caught by separate trees and distant parts of the view, made both more obvious from the windows than in the hours of vertical light. The cool haze that lay on the ground itself seemed a sea of amber, but the horizon was piled with towers and battlements of gold, with

scarlet hills and ruby mountains. The Colonel loved his trees as he loved his friends and children, and indeed they stood in his affections for some living and some departed persons. At the birth of every child he had taken care to plant its eidolon on the home landscape; even grandchildren were thus figured on the scene, with something more than a superstition that the good or ill haps of the tree would follow day by day the story of its counterpart. But the habit he cherished had been the custom of his predecessors, and therefore the ascendants and descendants that could be counted from the dining-room windows were many, though few even of the ancient seemed to have lost their identity in the family traditions.

The Colonel's own natal remembrancer was a sturdy quercus, hardly yet in its prime of life, that formerly flourishing and promising to carry his name long after he himself should have left the foreground, had for several years paled with illness, had held out its naked arms with the look of despair, and perhaps a few months more would determine the disease to

be mortal. Another brother of the race, battered and scathed in the civil wars, had attracted the very likeness of ill fortunes on his namesake. The fiery bolt had struck the latter at advantage not once only, but more times, had cleaved him from head to ground. The storms that tore away his limbs left hideous jagged protrusions, decay had eaten into his foundations, his heart was dry and hollow, his vital spirit little and ebbing. But the Colonel, as if his line were wrapped up in this sick giant, had filled his running gashes with clay mortar, had plastered his mighty stumps with condemned sails, propped him with house joist, slung his principal remaining extremities in bits of old cable, and built up half a cart-load of bricks in his open entrails, as if prepared to count his own term expired the day the veteran should leave all signs of arterial motion.

Frances' children want a good deal of thinning, remarked the Colonel, directing his observation out of the windows, and I am sure Corbyn's eldest son would be the better for a little more head. Do you not think, he

continued, eyeing a bandaged invalid in the waning twilight, who leaned upon enormous crutches with a melancholy air, as if reflecting how the dying day was only running a race with himself: do you not think Raglan Church looked better last season?

Before Harvey could find in his recollections fit answer to this, Cato was drawing the curtains, lights were already placed, and the Colonel emptying his glass and filling it again, spoke, as if recurring to an interrupted train of thought: But God bless me, my boy, what will become of you?

O don't fear for me, father, said Harvey, I will make my way somehow, there are many worse off in these troublous times. True, Sonnie, he replied, you are young, the country is breaking up, but it wont hurt an old man. You have good brothers-in-law, brothers in blood too, and plenty of germans in various parts, and friends you must sow yourself, as we do wheat for a good crop. Act uprightly, never buy land—pass me that maiden.

As Harvey obeyed the abrupt command, he placed the bottle between his feet, with a

design that proved not more evident than difficult, for the point of his little weapon always went aside of the mark and slipped off the glassy flank. Dang it, boy, said the Colonel, you must do it, he wont keep his head still for me.

Harvey soon set the contents free, and the Colonel immediately tested their quality, and subsequently recurred to frequent trials. You know, he continued, Corbyn is to take all the people, but they have not heard of it, poor things. And he and Byrd will look out for the books and pictures and things that should not go to strangers. Harvey assented. And if you marry, proceeded the Colonel, think of your mother, though it is twenty years since, take care to have kind children as I have. You know your Messenger and the bay mare are all off. Yes, the paymaster's man was here yesterday, there is not a horse hair left, except the big-bellied farmers, and they are in the bill of sale to Quelch.

Has Messenger gone? faintly inquired Harvey. Yes, said the old man, but dont vex yourself, Sonnie, he is in good hands.

Did not Cato tell you? On the contrary, replied Harvey, he led me to suppose they were still in the stable. I thought so, returned the Colonel; wonderful mind is Cato, takes a great while to put anything into it, and ten times as long to get it out again. He will never live long enough to believe I have moved from this house.

The evening was now far spent, indeed it was past the Colonel's usual bed time, and the younger had ground to fear that the further detail of distressing matters, accompanied as it was by continual consolations, would pass the bounds of reasonable hours. Cato had once or twice entered the room, as if impatient of the tedious session; but a long interval had followed his last visit, and it was likely, or seemed so, that the aged servitor had been overcome by sleep or forgotten them. Indeed, the Colonel was beginning to allow intervals to pass without talking, which was a sign not to be neglected, and on Harvey's requisition, therefore, it was agreed to retire.

Ah, you young dogs are too much for me,

said the Colonel, but I have seen the day—well, ring for prayers.

Harvey proceeded to obey the familiar injunction in his accustomed manner. Having sounded the summons he carried a cushion to lay at his father's feet, and then essayed to place in his unsteady hands a heavy quarto prayer-book, but the Colonel rather clasped it in his arms. It had long been his companion, perhaps the most valued of his daily familiars, often wet with penitential tears, often thumbed in perplexity. On blue Sundays, when storms or deep snows kept the household from church, he read from it to his young men and old. On such occasions Cato, who could sing, and very loud too, but not read, was called on to pitch a choice from Tate and Brady, or Rock of ages cleft for me. More than once in his life the Colonel had administered it like a precious elixir at the pillow of some enfeebling domestic. It had the date 1690 written inside the cover, with other ancient chirography. Its character was the old-fashioned type called English, which the Colonel's lunettes made Patagonian, and

which in the table of protected degrees really exceeded all modern instances, particularly the G in grandmother, &c. It was further remarkable for depicted scenes, to accompany those who go down to the sea in ships, the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and particularly a pentecostal illustration in which a little lingual fire visibly stood on each reverend head.

The bell was not long rung when Cato's comatose face, without any body, was seen across the dining table. Having propped his figure so that it could not easily fall over, and composed a solemn expression that not even dreams would readily disturb, he was asleep as was usual with him at prayers. The Colonel from his knees with a reverent manner and sonorous voice, proceeded with the evening sacrifice. He began with the collect for peace and the dominical prayer, and ended with that for all conditions of men, but there was a good deal more than these between the bounds. This done, his son rose to salute him tenderly on the cheek, and at the same time receiving his blessing left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARVEY CHURCH had been educated at Harvard in Cambridge, then as now a good school of arts, but more marked with that thorough absorption of the humanities which made the learned of those days so dull and heavy that any exception was remarked upon like the intelligence of the elephant. Saving the knowing too much Latin, and studying out of books whose empty covers a small scholar might have got into, the students were much the same as now—excepting further that they got across Charles river by means resemblant to the coracles of the ancient Britons, occasionally

lighted a bonfire of forty cords of wood, at the top of Beacon-street, periodically drove away the mayor and council of Boston, who were chartered visitors to the corporation, and had a crooking vanity about the knee-pan that, aided by delusive heats under the frontal bone, led to a flustering belief that they were much thought of by the Boston ladies, who in fact were only thinking of themselves.

At his first entrance into college, Harvey had made the acquaintance of a fellow-student rather older than himself, whose manners first attracted his remark, and then so engaged his esteem, that acquaintance soon passed into intimacy. Young Hawthorne, who thus became his friend, was one in whom the spiritual seemed to override the thick carnalities at a time of life when the reverse is commonly seen. His talents were of the kind that might be expected in a mental part that even in early years had never lost supremacy over its gross friend. His character, at once elevated and humble, was so brave and gentle, so firm and impassive that, played upon by every light, it seemed the only stable thing amid change, and

to bend others simply by being itself. Not all his college mates equalled him in activity, and few were supposed to surpass him in fearlessness, though he was beloved for qualities different from these, and more rare. Whether he saw in Church a character akin to his own must remain in doubt; but this may be said, that he was the most content with imperfections, and the most unexacting of friends.

The acquaintance thus ripened into friendship, stood the test of companionship, which neither business nor pleasure long divided. The two friends joined in the college sports without seeming to favour each other, and each had companions that set one above the other; but in truth they were rivals that strove for a double success, and disputants in casuistry over their college fires in the long winter evenings, that informed and improved each other. At the end of more than four years from the beginning of their college course, they were about to separate. Each had made so much progress without wandering from the way that happily strengthens habit as well as worse roads, with that superiority and surety for

success in after life, that are to be gathered in no other path. They passed their degrees with credit, and parted from their young companions and teachers with regrets the more reasonable if not painful, that these usually divide happy labour from vain distractions, and hopes that have hardly known a chill from disappointments that will never give content. Hawthorne was from the neighbouring town of Salem, where his parents were wealthy, his family long known and esteemed, and he seemed every way likely to add to the household trophies of respect with a good share of his own.

It was now several years since the friends had met, and though corresponding by letter after leaving college, occupations and interruptions had rendered this of late unfrequent. In the meanwhile changes had come to both to vary the prospects that lay before them when their paths severed. Church had seen the gloom thicken around his father's fortunes and his own, to put out at last almost the last ray of hope. Within the second year after leaving college, Hawthorne had perceived the first signal of a disease that gives no long warning,

though in his case it so played between life and death as often to delude his friends, and even himself. Twice he had gone aboard ship, resigned and prostrate, to winter in the south, and twice the spring or summer restored him with fresh hopes and old strength. True to his principles, or rather his character, he remained cheerful and active, intent only on making a good use of life, and seemed likely to make a better than many who count on a longer term. In passing through Newport some two years before, he had met by accident at the house of a friend—for all gentle affairs begin in accident—a lady whose appearance was striking, not only for a rare and the highest kind of beauty, but the signs of qualities that challenged his love. Acquaintance confirmed these first impressions, circumstances favoured a further design, and though there were certainly obstacles to an early union, the two plighted their faith.

But in this time, too, the country that had of late been drawing towards a grave peril, was so much nearer the looked-for result. Newport with its territory had thus far been an ex-

ception, to open projects at least, and disturbances that were rife in other parts. But to the south and east, and close on its borders, there were movements that showed the trouble at hand. Hawthorne had taken a side with promptness, as was usual with him, that knew neither fear nor doubt, and as was further to be expected, gave to it the energy of one who was anxious to do much, with but little time to do it in. His own means,or what his family supplied for a purpose they approved, were freely scattered, for without this no cause is earnest, and none is safe. But his example, his personal efforts, which illness sometimes interrupted, were as freely bestowed, for it was only by rousing the lukewarm, and guiding the bold, that a few great hearts worked out the public task.

It was a few days after Harvey had returned home from his visit to Newport, on his father's affairs, that a letter from Hawthorne reached him, stating that the latter was then in lodgings at a farm-house on the opposite shore, that his stay there would be short, that he should not come on the island, and proposing that his old friend should come thus far to visit

him. Church gladly assented to this, and in a day or two proceeded to obey his friend's wishes.

In the early part of a raw unworthy day, with a humid east-wind, Harvey found himself confronting the ferry that was to give him the means of crossing to the peninsula; a short traverse, but, in those days, sufficient to try the patience of the traveller. On the further side of the sluggish strait, with a thread of running water between meadows of shallows, then covered or deformed with weakly ice, he saw the low log-hut, with one little window, where lodged the guardian of the passage, himself partly the means of effecting it. The smoke rose merrily out of a short chimney, but there was no other life-like feature about the house. Church knew that it was necessary to make a signal to attract the attention of the ferryman; but, though the signal was necessary, it never seemed to be the cause of what, if happening, seemed referable simply to this person's own will. It was too far for the sound of a bell to reach, unlesswi th a favouring wind, at any rate there was none provided; too far for the voice, or the Charon would have

been too much liable to abuse, and, happily, beyond lapidation, else the humble tenement had perhaps long since been riddled or levelled by the natural artillery of impatient shore-standers.

At present the wind was not favouring, and Church had no resource, therefore, but to suppose an unseen observer, and to try to impress his wishes on this imaginary intelligence, by signalizing derangements of his limbs; a task the difficulty of which they can judge who have ever tried to express abstract ideas by the position of their principal bones.

Accordingly it was long before a young child filled the window, and when it did so, without much advantage, for it observed the strange figure for several moments and then withdrew. At last a woman occupied the same place, considered the same posturing for a longer time, to do, finally, as the child had done. Harvey was devising fresh roulades, having, as he thought, exhausted the efficiency of old ones, when a man entered on one side of the hut, passed in slow andante along its front, and vanished on the other. A slight access of sleet, at the moment, made the wish more

earnest that he would soon appear again. The dead silence was marked by the clicking of shrinking ice, or the soughing wind that seemed loaded with the sighs of rheumatic dolours, but still no sign of life where our friend most wished to see it. After an interval, however, the man did re-appear at the former point, as Harvey feared to repeat the unmeaning circuit; but, this time, dragging along a heavy sweep, and taking his course towards the water's edge, he made preparations, though uncommonly deliberate, for the transit. This was the scow-master, as he was called, though, from his sloth-like movements, he might have been taken for the scow itself.

How he accomplished the traject, or the time it consumed, Church remained uninformed, having turned his head to save his senses pain, and exercised his mind to deaden the sense of duration; but, at last, the keel that was not a keel grated on the rotten shore ice. Hullo, stranger! said the navigator, are you that ar man that wants to cross the feery ? Yes, replied Church, beginning his word on the solid land and finishing it from

the middle of the scow floor. Darn me! if I ever seen anything as quick as that, said the other, in surprise.

Come, pray hurry, General! said Church, I have got a great deal to do before sundown. Why did you not observe the signals sooner? I have been figuring here until my arms ache. Lucky I seen them at all, replied the man, as with pole to shoulder, and body laid at length, a foot or two from the gunwale, he proceeded in his peculiar propulsion, little Jem did cry out she seen somebody a shakin his fist in Portsmouth, but my missus allowed it wa'nt nobody, only somebody a slappin his flippers to keep um warm.

Running rapidly its whole length to the other side of the floating quadrangle, he continued: An it wa'nt more nor twenty minutes when my missus a-crossing the port-hole, quite promiscuous like, said, Fleuker, said she, I guess there be somethin looks like a man thar! Again changing quickly to his former position, he proceeded: An soon as I rigged the yarn up and got the darned tangle to let go, I jest walked roun the house, and

come right agin the back eend that's on the other side, and seen how it was right away.

We are half way over, I suppose, said the passenger, wishing to end this Tertullian tediousness, that seemed as if Tertullius were in a country dance. Lor no! said the man, I guess we aint crossed the river yet. But they were very near it, for at that moment the advanced end of the big sugarbox swung slowly round, with an evident tendency in the direction of Prudence island. No you dont, said the man, as he flung himself convulsively on the sweep already laid in the sternway, and with a few heavy side pulls he had sent the docile flat bottom across the stream to where a little more steady poling would do the work.

Lor me, he said, shortly resuming his reciprocating canticles, hurry wont do in a feery nohow. If a feller was to hurry anyhow there wouldn't be no eend of folks that would jest be wantin to sky over this feery night and day. So much the better for you, said Church, they would pay I suppose.

Jury cant agree, said the man, responding from the other tack; there was a chap the

other day never showed his money, an I looked sharp accordin, an he was a standin on the rail thar, jest as you are, with one foot one side and tother o' that ar corner, an jest as we got as close as this he jumped.—At that moment Church followed the unostentatious chap's example, under precisely resembling circumstances, and before the guileless relater come to his turning point, was fast receding from the water-side. Hullo, mister! he shouted at the top of his voice, you aint goin to run away without payin, aint you? But the question received no answer, and before the speaker seemed able to recover profitable use of his faculties the fugitive was fairly out of sight.

Harvey continued his walk through a country that seemed to have been stripped of its male population. The habitations were not many nor yet very few. He passed a small wooden meeting-house, painted white, with a sky-blue door, that stood close on the turnpike, and stopped for a moment to read a written notice affixed at the side: "All persons in favour of Universal Salvation will meet here on Monday after tea, to choose officers and settle terms.

No trust. Squire Griggs' heifer is found. She got into the cranberry pond."

On descending a little hill, a sudden turn in the road brought him in sight of a country tavern that he had passed more than once in his life before. It stood on a bit of open, without fence, or tree, or outhouse, or garden, a hundred yards or so from the road track. But within a few feet of this was planted a high mast that carried a creaking sign, on which, below a low-toned inscription—the Black Bear, was limned in vivid paints a woman's figure, bearing in one hand a plain-looking night-cap, as it seemed to Church, on the end of a stair bannister, and in the flat of the other a yellow pumpkin.

At this distance the house looked like a disturbed ant-hill, for it was swarming inside and out with a crowd that seemed to be interchanging and touching probosces, like an excited community of minute earth-masons. A nearer approach showed that it was nothing less than a military training, and in a few minutes Church found himself piercing a congregation of healthy men, in queer guise of

antiquated, irregular, or grotesque garments, with no predominant taste, unless for cock-feathers and flaunting colours. Many had real fire-arms, rifles or fowling-pieces, resting against their persons, some only wooden dummies, and more with a variety of extemporized fence-palings and artless truncheons. But almost every other one seemed to be holding in his hand a glass, a teacup, or other form of buvant crockery, which at intervals he stopped to lift to himself, and then to the lips of some empty intermediate. All seemed a jerking fidgety motion, and all were helping a high-twanged confusion of voices, on which political rights, darnation shames, cider oil, colonel right, colonel wrong, powder and guns, squads, corporals, and old rye, went round and round like chips in a whirlwind.

On entering the house the scene was not less remarkable. Before a wet counter a crowd of the qualities already described was almost too tightly pressed, while behind it a tall man with long hatchet features, little eyes, and straight sandy hair that showed beneath a high-feathered cocked-hat, though the dependent tail was

plastered grey and tied with red tape, was in a state of intense action. You find the sarcers, I find the running matter, said he. I have got the capital to contract for the real purr Alleginney, and a long pusse it takes too.

As he shifted his feet to one side or the other one arm continually lifted and set down, but never parted from a decanter, which he stoppered with the flat of his thumb, while the other vibrated more swiftly forward and backward over the narrow board. His tongue worked incessantly, and to this effect: No cheats among gentlemen. Liberty crib, an no mistake. Pay fair and save your souls. Made arrangements to arrest all scuffs right away. Never allow a feller to help himself. Here's your change, an nothing short. Squash pies next Tuesday. You had two before your fust.

Harvey had soon made these observations, and having done so retired from the room. He had not been long in the open air again when he saw several men rolling an empty whiskey barrel right into the middle of the dividing crowd. Having halted at some dis-

tance from the house, they set it, though with difficulty, on end. At this instant the military merchant issued from the doorway, and swaggering past with long strides close to Harvey, but without looking at him, followed by a running train of admirers, made straight for the rostrum, which, after unsuccessful efforts, with the aid of men, sticks, and gunlocks, he mounted.

As he did so there was a rising cry in the crowd of Papaquash for ever! Three chairs for Papaquash! And several persons who had followed him from the house with teacups not yet emptied, raised them to drink, exclaiming, Her's yer health, Cap'n Papaquash. He's as cunnin as an Ingin. If ever a feller fut, he'll fit, and make money out o' the war too.

Harvey had now a better opportunity of observing his dress, and it seemed to him remarkable. A sky-blue coat with gilt buttons, of which it mainly consisted, must have belonged to some deceased dandy, who had prefigured the reign of terror and its Gaulish fashions, for nothing quite so violent was yet common in the world. With a waist that

reached very close to the armpits, it had slender divaricating tails that nearly swept his heels, bound round the middle by a cow-hide sword-belt. For the rest he wore common Connecticut breeches, with long spindle-shanks abruptly terminated by laced boots, while his entire front was fringed with a deep bosom-ruffle, which, lying perdu before, since leaving the house he had shaken in the wind.

He drew his sword, and adjusting his plumed covering, exclaimed, Look sharp, wake up there; drum will play a rovellyea. Fife up, didn't I say? As the music began he proceeded in a louder voice, addressing an under centurion, Lootenant Scheetz, display on the right flank o' that ar big stone. The order was obeyed with the more difficulty that the troublesome files were constantly stretching, and as one obscured another, stepping forwards to see if the line were straight, and at last imperfectly, for the rank looked away from the whiskey barrel.

Face to the front, exclaimed the commander. An so us is, cap'n, aint we lookin straight ahead? shouted a dozen voices in re-

ply. Freemen of Seekonk, he cried, with more passion, turn your backs round.

This plain vernacular was better understood perhaps, or at any rate shortly accomplished. While in the course of being so, the gawky figure leaned over to one side, and fumbling in a pocket finally drew from it a written paper. Exclaiming: Offishers to the front, consider yourselves in a solid square, he proceeded as follows, though from the bad writing or the unreadiness of his reading powers, it required after severally testing the meaning of each word in a group, to give the whole clause more flowingly.

The—Kernal—re-quests me—to inform—you—all, the Kernal requests me to inform you all, he ex-pects—you—to-meet-him, he expects you to meet him, after—break-fast—two—weeks—off-punctually, after breakfast two weeks off punctually, in—clean—shirts if—possible, in clean shirts if possible. A-ny—person loo-sing—his—flint—will—be—tried, any person losing his flint will be tried. As to—the whiskey—rumpus he—con-siders—it—good, if—not—carried—too far, an will

give—you—his mind—next time. Di-rected to—add—Mrs. G.—is—expected—to—re-cover, an—is—sure—of your—kine—con-dolence. Yours—res-pectfully—Samu-el Dean, cap'n.

The parade being over, Harvey left the scene and resumed his object; but as he did so, his reflections were far more painful than gay. He was surprised to find the note of preparation sounded so close on its borders, while on the island itself there was no commotion. His thoughts had not been very often turned to the prospect of his country's affairs, but now truly it seemed a melancholy one.

He shortly reached, and while the day was yet young, the indicated house, a farmer's homestead, spruce, comfortable, and cleanly, with signs of thrift—green shutters, white clap boards, and palings to match, cocks and hens, droves of turkeys, a herd of geese. He was ushered into a little parlour, neat but hard in its outlines, with a crackling wood fire, though somewhat polar in its temperature, to find his friend writing at a table, covered with too many books and papers for its size.

The greeting was warm and affectionate, for

both were young men, old companions, and had not lived long in the world. But Harvey gathered at a glance his chum's appearance. He had grown extremely slender since he last saw him; but in the same time added apparently to his height and nearly as much to the breadth of his shoulders. His long white fingers were not the same Church had felt at Cambridge. His features were chiselled to a clearness he had never observed before, his forehead higher, his chesnut hair, for he wore no powder, longer and thicker, his eye brighter and more speaking even than in past days, his expression still more winning, while on his hollow cheeks bloomed rosés that were fitter for a maiden's. In all he said or looked was a constant sunshine of happiness and content. But over his figure, his manner, the tones of his voice, hung a dignity that almost made Harvey bashful in the presence of his ancient friend.

Church would have inquired about his health, but though answering readily, he quickly turned the subject. Well, Harvey, said he, how do you like life?—something different from college, where we had nothing

harder than Greek and Stackhouse, Locke, Fluxions, and—Surds, that the boy from the Kennebec would persist in calling *absurds!*

Not so much work, but of a worse kind, returned Church. Do you remember Monsieur Penon, who was always telling us a young man could not speak French with his hands tied, when there was not a single one in the class could do it without? And the Professor of Curlsetters and modern Anguishes, continued Hawthorne, and the night the juniors gagged and tied him to the top of the big elm—the night of Hancock's ball. The faculty going abroad in their levée caps in a state of dismay, ordered Charles River to be dragged, in hopes he might be discovered in time, but at daylight the industrious men had met with no success?

Yes, said Harvey, the Chair of Moral Philosophy was engaged three weeks before to open with the heiress of Arlington, and of course his feelings were fitful.

Well poor Papégay, continued Hawthorne, having retired from hair-dressing has a farm in Dorchester now, and devotes himself to

feeding sheep on turnips. I should think it would choke them, said Church. So the Agricultural Society told him, replied Hawthorne, having compared the littlest turnip with the mouth of the biggest ram, but he has disappointed the King-street agricols, for he cuts them up, though it takes, he says, a great deal of carving.

Well! life has its troubles to all of us, he added with a look that half denied his words, but wishing to carry out a foregone design,—you do not ask mine, so what I wanted to say is this: I have more than I use, if at any time—you—never—never forget that we are friends.

Church shrank from the offer thus hinted but not directly spoken: first, because it was not needed; and secondly, because exciting in him uneasy apprehensions that it might in some way imperil feelings which he greatly valued.

Harvey, continued Hawthorne, in an earnest though still mirthful tone, I am older than you, something like two years, which is a great part of life, and therefore must have —pardon me—more sense, more experience

I mean, and as Doctor Holyoke used to say: Freshman, I have great respect for your opinions, when they agree with mine. If you want people to love you, Harvey, let them serve you. Always remember that; *sat est dixisse.* Let us to another topic.

You would be amused at my reading now, he continued, I am deep in French tactics and artillery, attend drill twice a week when in another town, and take sword lessons besides.

What! Hawthorne, exclaimed Church in surprise, is it true that you have committed yourself in these unhappy troubles? Entirely so, he replied, without forsaking his gentleness and lightness of manner. Sad it will be to many, sadder still if long postponed, saddest of all if not accomplished.

But is it right for us, objected Church, who have so many friends and relations across ——? They are determined to tread upon us, interposed his friend; their blindness is the instrument that soon opens the door to happiness for the land. They are true patriots who urge on this crisis, cruel fellow-citizens only who would stay it; and being so, let me

say to you that the result is not far off, that will prosper I think, because it is just. At this moment the sun's rays broke through the murky flying clouds, and lightened not only the landscape, but the little room in which they sat. There is our friend, he said; it is the first time I think we have seen him to-day.

Harvey, he resumed, I walk up to Mount Hope every day, and always think of the long strolls you and I used to have together. I have a good glass, and see you all like a map, so take care how you behave. I shall leave this in three days, though I have some attachments to the island, you know.

Your letters once hinted at that unfortunate affair, replied Church, desirous only of chiming in with his friend's feelings, though deeply mortified a moment after by his unaccountable mistake.

Unfortunate! exclaimed Hawthorne, with a half-serious look of reproval; Harvey, you do not know what you are saying. Fortunate rather in having such a pleasure, counsellor, friend. It is one of the things I cherish in life; do not at least pity my happiness.

Church by this time found his cup of worldly vexations remarkably full. He was worried by family affairs, which pulled him about even when otherwise engaged. He was up to the ears in love, without knowing whether his suit would be successful, a form of being without many parallels perhaps in the history of plagues. His country was in a desperate state, and no reflection could tell him how to help her, while on the heels of this came a twinging doubt whether he was playing the part a Church, and particularly himself, ought to play. And finally and climactically, he had just wounded his dearest friend, a most excellent and sensitive man, in the tenderest point, in a way that made him close his eyes every time he looked at it.

He had little spirits for a long interview, and having parted from Hawthorne with more heaviness in his heart than he expressed in words, bent his steps homewards, not forgetting when he arrived at the littoral, to please the scow-master with more than enough for a second, as well as the former unpaid service.

CHAPTER IX.

On the day referred to in the last chapter, in the dusk of the evening, a young woman wrapped in a cloak, even with a hood, as if not desirous to court observation, was seen by Tom Coby, perhaps by others, passing on the upper side of Thames-street, at a pace that indicated to his mind she had some object in view. A drift of feathery snow was falling, the air was still, the street noiseless and empty, but the lights in the cheerful little shops on either side gave it a snug drawing-room air, for there was a carpet of down, and the temperature was soft and agreeable.

Coby had just taken his tea, and foresaw that two disagreeable things were approaching, first the clearing away the supper things, and next the putting the children to bed, and with that provident mind that distinguished him, he determined to evade both by going to the door to see what the night was. When he got there, however, he found his content spoiled by something further to wish for, and on looking into the air, confessed he was strongly tempted to stroll a dozen doors or more along the quiet pavement, to have a word with his neighbour Sessions. He reflected, however, that he had not asked leave, nor hinted at the matter when he left the room, and was sure that in this instance, not less than others, it would be opposite to his wife's wishes; and though he might stand where he was for half-an-hour and never be wanted, yet should he not be there, he would certainly be called for. And at last the thing was forced to this plain issue, whether he would at the moment commit a foul action.

Coby was debating this point with himself, uncertain how it would be decided, when the

neighbour in question approached him with a good evening, and it at once occurred to him that it was better Sessions should commit a foul action than he. He did not wish harm to Sessions, but he was glad that the consequences of ill conduct would be borne by another; and it seemed an agreeable thing that he was about to share the advantage and still preserve entire fidelity to his matrimonial honour. Sessions, it seemed, had just finished his supper, and when he came to his door had not thought of walking out, and almost the first word he said was to ask Coby whether he had seen that young woman pass. To which the latter replied with another question, which showed a desire on his part to know how Sessions had got out; but seeing a shade pass over his manner, and that the subject was irksome, he dropped it out of feelings of delicacy, which he was sure his friend would exercise in his own favour under like circumstances.

The question with which Sessions had confronted him led him to close the door behind him. Indeed, at first he was hurt that his

neighbour should have brought to his threshold so free and disengaged an air; but he knew that the sudden removal of restraint, by a natural rebound, leaves the will proportionably light and buoyant, and in his view it did not impugn the natural excellence of Sessions' dispositions, though it clearly showed him unused to freedom. He therefore, after the interjected matter, replied what was true, that he had seen the young woman pass. But, said he, I could not possibly conceive who it was, nor can I imagine what her business can be. And, Sessions, said he, I believe I know every man and female woman in this town, or have known them at some time or other, and yet who that young woman is I am utterly at a loss to say.

Well, rejoined his friend, you are certainly a selfish man, or you would never have allowed her to get by you in that sort of way. I think you should be more observant, for I ask you to consider what would be the consequences if young women were allowed to pass along the street after dark, unobserved.

Coby complied with the request; and after a

pause he said, I cannot exactly say, but it seems plain they would lead to an important change in our social arrangements. Just so, continued the other, and now you have allowed her to escape, I consider you responsible for events. You say, however, it was a young woman, but surely that is very little to have discovered. Are you aware that there are eighteen hundred and sixty-three young women, omitting vulgar fractions, in this town, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five?

Coby confessed himself astounded at the luxuriance of this branch of the population.

Now, continued his neighbour, it is not my meaning that I have no deficiencies or faults myself. I do not wish to set myself up or domineer over you, but I throw out the hint in the form of a miscellaneous suggestion; what would you think if it were the Jew's daughter? Now dont start, said he, but what would you think?

Coby could only reply for some moments by reciprocatory side movements; but at last his embarrassed delivery allowed him to throw

out with a force that spoke its difficulty, the word Impossible.

Ask your wife's opinion, said Sessions; and again the conjuror's words produced a change, for Coby, standing instantly à plomb, put it to Sessions in a frank and peremptory way, whether that was a question one would like to place before one's wife. Sessions was bound to admit that the scheme was ill advised. Well then, said he, I undertake to assert that it was the Jew's daughter, and I give you the benefit of the assertion.

After a silence of some moments, Coby resumed:—No trade at all now, Sessions! And what can you expect? replied Sessions, there is nothing but politics.

It's very hard on us poor burghers, sighed Coby. I have looked through a shop window for twenty years, and never knew goods hang as they do now.

We are all going to be hung, I believe, replied Sessions. If this sorter thing goes on, and goes much further, as it has go, and goes now, and keeps goin, what are we goin—I was goin to ask you—to do? I say to

you, cathedrally, that there will be nothing but rows of dead men up one side of Thames-street, and down the other. Rows of dead men up one side of Thames-street, and down the other, said Coby assentingly.

The last speaker again set in movement the converse that too much dwelling on black anticipations had stayed, by adding:—But that is very strange what you say. Say! I did not say anything, replied Sessions with a blank air. I mean what you were saying about the young woman, rejoined his friend. Oh, that is another piece of goods. It certainly is very strange, mused Coby. It is very strange, pursued Sessions, with his accustomed air, nay, it may be termed surprising. We never have such things in trade. You, Coby, were never out of a shop. You cannot see beyond thirty-six inches. You really have no conception of what is the other side of your nose.

Oh, exclaimed Coby, interrupting him, that is rather extravagant, now, aint it. No, replied the other, for tell me what is the other side of it. The street. No. The lamp-post. No. Then what do you say is?

demanded Coby. A rich pimple, answered his comrade. Ah, replied Coby, considerably abashed, I have rubbed it, and it wont either come out or go in. But Cornwall says it is only a floridity.

But—added Coby, with an unborn design that was never delivered. Dont be silly, interposed Sessions; I pray you not to be silly. It is my particular request that you will not be silly. I was going to say—— persisted Coby. Dont, peremptorily rejoined his companion. It was only a remark, he continued. And suppose it was only a remark, returned Sessions, what is the use of a remark? what is the advantage of a remark? Dont say it.

While the prim shopkeepers were thus amusing their leisure with pointless discussion, the young lady scanned by their prying eyes had passed far out of sight. She was, as Sessions had surmised, Leah Seixas, the daughter of a rich Jew trader in the town; but more than he had said, a woman in the prime of youth and loveliness. Beyond Coby's shop she turned up a winding lane that, climbing

the higher ground, passed an old church which stood, and still stands, about half way up. It was surrounded by a populous grave-yard, where slept the bygones of the neighbourhood. A golden cock that topped its tall spire was much looked up to at the time, since it was commonly said that on every Christmas Eve he sounded his natural clarion. At least he gave a great many people colds, for a crowd yearly assembled to hear him make proclaim, though sometimes it rained, sometimes snowed, sometimes the wind blew a gale, and always it was very cold. The Doctors had such a sense of his services, that they honoured him with a species of demonic canonization; and he stood in the medical calendar alongside of the equinoxial rains, the January thaw, the March winds, and other candid days and seasons of professional rejoicing.

Leah Seixas took the middle of the way, for there were no side walks, and the ascent and uneven cobbles soon made her steps painful. The air was still, the night not very dark, but the light seemed incapable of its proper uses, for though she walked in a little grey circle,

all beyond this showed but a dim outline. Behind, her close horizon was studded low down with a line of ruddy points that moved sideways and upwards in the veil of unseen snow-flakes, but these were plainly the street lamps. Upon getting further up the hill she met a large company all in white, standing about in twos and threes, and some even lying on the ground. After some thought it seemed that these must be the churchyard, though it was curious that the church was nowhere to be seen. She had not long come to this solution, when to her great discomfort a lettered upright, proud of his name and death-texts as any knight of his shield perhaps, sprang to her side and proposed to keep step with her own. But the stone having run off with his crest and descriptions, the inner inhabitant was minded to follow, and in a moment a tall fellow, drawing a sheet around him like a Tiberian senator, also pranced by her side.

Presently, two quakers, burnt with fire and stake long years before, who lay in the churchyard, came slowly out of the ground like earth-

worms, and held a silent meeting on top of a grave-slab. In the course of years, decay had eaten a good deal of what little the fire had left, and nothing now appeared but sanctimonious skeletons, each covered by a spiritual broad-brim. Their marble carriage soon began to advance with quick short jerks, which seemed likely to throw them off, but did not. Though these attendants had been for some time travelling with her, the churchyard seemed still to be around them. The objection was no sooner felt than answered, for now the whole populace of mossy mounds, death stones, recumbent and upright, showed in motion, and joining in the awful guard of honour, jumped and fidgeted with the rest.

Leah was not more affrighted than helpless. It was harder to reason than to run, and seemed not so useful, though the latter was not easy, for fear of knocking against some of the lively impediments. But still she took her strides with none but a silent warning to the crowded road, and as her breath failed her, her company also fell off. Shortly they had all left, and she saw looming in the thick air a

dark form of the grandest proportions. It was really a tall tower that stood by itself on open arches, but magnified and distorted like the rest of the scenery, it looked like a mountain. In a few steps, however, it began to dwindle, and soon became an object familiar to her and many others.

She approached it with circumspection, as if it had been a place of appointment, as in fact it was. The white covering on the ground reflected light to her feet, but made everything else uncertain. She had almost reached the arch before her without a sound, and again her bravery threatened to forsake her. The place was removed from any dwelling; a mystery that hung about it commonly repelled innocent visitors, at least by night; and the same reason perhaps made it the occasional resort of some, who being without the pale, have sour feelings towards the social establishment, and all that belong to it. But suddenly a voice breathed in a whisper: Is it you, dearest? and the next instant an agile figure, bounding to her side, clasped her in thin and childlike arms. This was one Leah

had persevered through late perils to meet; a woman whose years touched on the verge of life, though time had spared her a suppleness of limb that seemed more to belong to childhood than even middle age.

Dear little child! she said, while caressing Leah with the endearments of a mother, you are pulling at my heart wherever ye be. I tell you, dear, I must see you oftener.

Nannie, replied Leah, I should have come last Thursday, but the True American was about to sail, and I had letters to copy. May the lightning blast it from chock to heel, for the sake of its owner! said the woman. Leah shuddered as she continued, How do you like your house, Nannie, is it comfortable? Every one says so, she replied; but I can never like houses, the air is so heavy and smellsome, and all sorts of ugly beings ye never meet in the woods. I trapped a rascal last week stealing my nuts, and they said it was a rat. Sure I never saw one till I got in a house.

Is farmer Divine kind to you? inquired Leah. Yes, said Nannie. He would have me to tea last summer, and I was to go when

the sun was four hours high; but, dear Leah, it was so stiff; Lord a mercy, it was stiff. I put turkey feathers in my hair, and had the string of beads King Philip gave me; but it was stiff. I wont sit four hours in a chair again, I declare, it is so stiff. I shall never forget it, it was so stiff.

Was there much company? asked Leah. Fourteen women and three men, she replied, and they had sarce, and pickles, and hot flannels, and sweet cake; and Sally Kinsley said she would rather not have a pain in her stomach, and Mister Divine asked all round if we were convenient, and never another word. And when we come out his poor brother-in-law must have been listening at the door, for he was fast asleep in the entry.

But does not the house keep you warm and dry? said Leah. Dear child! replied Nannie, for six-and-twenty years since I was robbed I have lived in the woods, and never wanted shelter but the trees gave it; and now the good people are gone, and they are cutting the trees, I am not happy. Never again I will be till I go among the gentlemen, and I know

every one of them. I could not stay in the box last night it was so onkey. I slept in my bower alongside a doe and fawn. Poor creature, three springs ago I took a thorn out of her foot. She will never forget. I call her, and she comes if she be a mile off.

Here, Nannie, said Leah, is something warm for you. Thank you, said Nannie; I will sell it for salt meat, shall I, dear? Do as you choose, replied Leah; but tell me what else I can get for you. A bit of red ribbon and spangles, rejoined Nannie; and here is the letter, dear. I slept off the island two nights last week, and was sure to see him. Many's the time old Bubblemumble has flattened himself in a paper like that, but not now, or he would not have me to fetch it, I guess.

Did you carry it safely, and how does he look? eagerly inquired Leah. He has little perking ears, and never cuts his toe-nails she answered. Our medicine-man has seen him. But quickly discovering she had misapplied the question, she added, Ah! the letter will tell you better than I will.

After further report—for Nannie had been a

messenger, not alone on patriotic business—she made inquiries which showed that her young friend's health had for some time deserved her solicitude. But to these Leah replied with simplicity that had the air of truth, My days are short, Nannie; a few months or weeks and I shall be at rest.

God gives strength to the strongest, and most to the weak, said Nannie. Blessed David has said it, continued Leah; but if God is kind, is it not gain to die? Dear Nannie, it will grieve me to leave you. Is there any who will be kind to you? Dont grieve for me, child, said Nannie; there is no one will be kind to me. Do you think I could have lived so long without a house to my head if my friend had not thought of me? I know where to trust; I know what to do, if I could tear this devil from my heart.

Read David, read the prophets every day of your life, said Leah, beseechingly, as if anxious to supply an unfamiliar source of help and comfort.

Am I not a Christian? replied Nannie.

Alas! exclaimed Leah, as if staggered by

an appeal she could not answer. But, Nannie, is there more than one God? Only one, said Nannie, composedly. Ah! if people lived in the woods as I do, they would see and feel Him oftener. But they shut themselves up in fine houses and murder their souls with lust and money—

And Mary Hartley, interposed Leah, when I am gone, tell her she was good to me. I will, said Nannie. And I will give you something for him, she continued. He will like to think of me. Tell him God knows my heart; I will do him good if I can. I will, said Nannie. And all the money in my desk my father has given me, continued Leah, is yours, Nannie. I will remember to send it by some hand when I have my last illness.

Not to me, child, interposed Nannie, with intense disdain; I wouldn't touch it to save my soul from sin. Chuck it into Newport harbour. But you are too young to die, she added; and what makes you think of dying, honie? I will get you more harts' foot as soon as the snow is gone. Nannie, it is in vain, said

Leah; I saw somebody that beckoned me to follow her last Tuesday sennight, as I lay awake. The moon was shining on my bed, or it was morning, for Trinity struck three before I slept again.

Well, dear, said Nannie, as if neither surprised at nor doubting Leah's words, tie this inside your dress—and she gave her a little piece of polished bone. Ah, why should I? said Leah, drawing back. No matter, said Nannie, it can do you no harm. I had it from one was kind to the pale-face, and a bullet struck him before the sun went down.

Willingly, said Leah, relenting. Next cornplanting I am eighty-six years old, continued Nannie. You will go to the Great Spirit before I will. I am glad of it. This is no place for my little child. Dont be frightened, dear. You see how soft this snow falls, you will go to the bright land as gently as that. Is it true? said Leah.

It was Nannie helped the chief to die, she replied. Mother, it is hard to leave my country to the white man. Warrior, said I, you have a better country, it is there; and he

turned his face in the grass and was gone. And so he had. But here her voice faltered with grief, and bending her face to the hand she held, she pressed it to her lips.

Never mind him, she resumed, his day will come. There is one watching him. He will love you and hate him. Leah did not doubt of whom she spoke, and replied, O, Nannie, recollect he is my father! I do, said the aged woman, with earnestness, and then muttered what seemed a dreadful imprecation. Leah had accomplished her errand, and soon made her adieus to Nannie, after mutual promises between them to meet again.

CHAPTER X.

NANNIE, or Nannie Dawson, as she was called by some, was now in extreme age, though the freshness of her powers would not have led a stranger to believe it. On one side of distant Indian descent, she had been brought up in the decencies of a respectable home, but for many years—her qualities of body and the stamp of her blood perhaps favouring—had separated herself from society to become a tenant of the woods. Careless of hardship, and almost insensible to fatigue, she roved over the island, and sometimes wandered on the main, never asking charity, but often receiving hospitality.

Early in life she had suffered some grievous wrong, at least that was the tradition that accounted for her strange existence, and only a tradition, for her story had faded from the memory of most persons living.

Quick-witted and self-balanced, life in the open air with her had befriended length of days. She seemed of a different race from the old women of chimney-corners, that, coddled in feathers and fed on unnatural diet, consume their taper instead of nursing it. The rains and dews did her no ill, and if wind and snow sometimes chilled her, it was only repressing the lively fire to make it last the longer. Free of artificial miseries, she kept the careless open expression of face seldom seen in social life except in the young. She was friendly with the red men, and carried superiority in her intercourse with them; but she emulated their virtues, their true and unsordid dispositions. She imported no vices into their guileless company, and they for the most part were not yet deeply tainted by civilization.

Thus happy in a hale body and healthy mind, the envy of some, the wonder of all, the

old woman was in various ways useful to others and contented with herself. But with all this there was a well of bitterness in her nature that, stirred, as at times it would be, yielded intense gall. Some thought in their hearts she was a witch, though a benevolent one, for otherwise storms and wet, cold and hunger, would long since have put her to death. But on the whole she was treated with kindness by the people of the island; and indeed her harmless life and truthfulness claimed as much. Though friendly to all, she had no intimates among the whites unless it were Leah Seixas. But with her, as the reader has already seen or surmised, she was bound in close affection, though, as their meetings were not frequent, indeed secret and unseen by others, this was known to few besides themselves.

As Leah Seixas parted from her aged friend at the foot of the dark and lonely tower, she began to retrace her steps homewards. The weather had suddenly changed, the light snow-clouds had been swept away, and the wind came cold and piercing out of the north-west.

As she faced the blast it chilled her limbs and blood, she wrapped her cloak more closely around her, and bent over her steps with more resolute exertion. The shapes of ill that before had troubled her did not re-appear, and as she returned no foot save her own trod the lonely street. The shops were closed, and no lights were visible. In passing Coby's house it rested in peaceful quiet; but a little way further down she marked the murmur of two voices that came from an upper room, the one a sustained and continuous treble, the other striking in at intervals with a short and rumbling bass. On looking up she recognized over the shop window a gilded lamb, which she knew to belong to the commercial banner of Sessions. It is a sick child, thought she and passed on.

Pursuing her way she shortly reached, at the southern end of Thames-street, a square brick building, in guise something between a warehouse and a prison. To the silent uninhabited look of the one it joined the defiant air of those gloomy abodes where people are mulct by their fellows of liberty and fresh air. The house

with grated windows stood in a large court, defended on all sides by a wall, which, close on the line of the street, gave entrance through a huge gateway, one of the doors of which included a smaller opening. Arrived at this postern, Leah drew a key from her pocket, and unlocking it, passed within.

Her absence had been clandestine, and her return at this late hour was attended with the tremors that usually trouble solitary adventurers. Crossing with stealthy steps the cobble-paved yard, where not a patch of turf nor dead flower-plant redeemed the lucrative air, she reached a lower window at the back of the building, where closed shutters hinted at human inmates instead of hogsheads, boxes, and bales. She tapped gently, but after a long while no answering sound had reached her. She repeated the signal, but there were no signs of stirring within. The night air was cold, her limbs weary and shivering, and withal her thoughts not of the most composing kind. What if the noise should awaken her father sooner than her confederate! If he should discover her outside, and still more,

suspect she was thus in the habit of deceiving his authority, what subterfuge would avail against his wrath?

At last there were unmistakeable sounds of movement; one or two bolts were softly drawn, the shutters slowly opened, and then stood ajar, to let a dark-looking object protrude itself on the frigid air. As it turned to one side, the dim starlight showed a black face with cavernous mouth, and features distorted apparently into the last device of ugliness. This visage was appended to a naked sooty-coloured neck, that had exaggerated its natural length by stretching into the cold to save as much of comfort as possible to the body behind it. Leah, though not unfamiliar with this appearance, at least by day, could hardly now confront it without a feeling of dread. Let me in, Juba, said she, for I am very cold. Is all quiet?

I knows it was, responded the window-opener, without seeming to heed the question; but as he spoke both shutters were pushed back, and while one hand planted a chair outside, the other grasped a loose robe that

formed a large supplement to his scanty dress. Safe and sure, he continued in husky tones. Missy no fear nothin, ole man on de coast of Africa by dis time, he been snorin long enough to get dere. I'se a marr'ed man, an knows when a body's gone to sea, because he snore so.

Juba had more affection for his mistress than breadth of mental pastures, for this afforded but one constantly recurring phrase of consolation. Accordingly, as she now climbed the easy barrier, he whispered encouragingly: 'Missy 'll be so wealthy when ole man die!' but like the pattering rain-drop it failed to be heard by force of repetition.

Leah had reached the floor of the room in safety; but no sooner so than she was startled by a cry that might have come from the last degree of misfortune, followed by words of like intenseness with itself: Whar's the counterpin? Trembling lest this sharp note had pierced to another floor, she waited for some signal to confirm her fears; but this wanting, it occurred to her that she knew the voice, though not the meaning of its utterance.

Her companion, even more alarmed than herself, seemed in no doubt. Here is a catalepsy, said he, an a wery bad case.

Whar's the counterpin? again issued from the gloom; but this time in a lower key, for Leah soothed the sound like a musical director. You ole willan! will you fetch back that counterpin?—you leave dis child in de cold: what you open de shutter for dis night?

Leah, though surrounded by darkness, was not long in arriving at the truth, and soon the whole scene stood plain to her mind's eye. In the further corner lay Juba's spouse, not more ugly than himself, but now deformed by unreflecting passion; while Juba himself, uncertain what to say or do, showed the form of trepidation that belongs to the presence of matrimonial reproaches. In haste to let his mistress in, he had robbed the marital couch of what importantly added to its comfort. The continuous blast of cold from the window had carried the sleeper through increasing northerly declination, until her dreams were made up of little else than polar

scenes and frigorific considerations. In this state the involuntary muscles, which if not dependent on the will, always move with reason, prompted one arm to pull up closer the bed clothes. Vain design! for the fumbling hand could feel nothing but the sheet; which, not often the cause of warmth in itself, is always the readiest to reflect cold where cold exists, and now had effect to dip the dreamer in the Arctic Sea before she awoke to a sense of her real suffering.

The two were now engaged in altercation, though in bated breath, that singularly contrasted with its point and vigour. Leah's first care was to enjoin a gentler tone on both the disputants, for she still feared the noise might reach a not distant apartment. She seemed lost in inward reflections on a state that sometimes wears a deterring look, to which she must have partly given words. These are only the dregs of marriage, thought she. At any rate, were Juba drowning in the water, I believe Tabby would risk her life to save him.

No she wouldn't, exclaimed Juba, with

frank determination, she would tuck im head under. Hush, hush, Juba, said his mistress in surprise, not a word more, give it to her at once. And you, Tabby, have scolded more than enough, make it up now and be friends.

Juba proceeded to obey, and as he busied himself in arranging the covering, Tabby's triumph appeared in the unctuous tone with which she directed him to pull a little higher here, a little lower there, to double under the foot, and tuck in at the sides. But here there was another embroilment, and Juba's complaining voice was heard: What you be at now, you tiger lily? Missy, said he, she be a disporting so I cant get in. It was even so. Juba's industry had been zealous, because he thought to be partly working for himself; but no sooner did Tabby find herself warmly wrapped as heart could desire, than she declined to let her shivering husband share the blessing. With pointed fingers rather than by words she held him at bay.

Tabitha, Tabitha! exclaimed the disappointed mistress, how can you behave so?

Let him in—where can he sleep but in his usual place?' To this the rebel was obliged to yield, as rebels usually do, with mental reservation; but Juba, now within reach of her redoubtable fingers, showed a submissiveness that seldom graced his character when farther off.

Now before you go to sleep, said Leah, say a prayer together, it will make you better and kinder to one another. Juba dont know nothin, mumbled Tabby, with face to the wall. Missy, said Juba, I know de Christian's prayer I learned once. Say that, then, rejoined his mistress, and do not quarrel any more. And before she had groped her way entirely out of the room, she heard the penitents mumbling together in imperfect unison, an ungraceful Paternoster, with confidence in its efficacy to assuage the bitterness of their hearts, and soften unamiable manners.

Leah had yet to feel her way in the dark through lanes of merchandize, to thread a high stairway and longer floor, before reaching her own apartment, with no fears, however, except that her lightest step might be heard. Arrived

there, she breathed like one escaped from a peril.

It was a well-furnished domain, more comfortable than at this day would be looked for in a building adapted to other uses than dwelling in. Outside the first door the goods of traffic were housed, under the roughest though most substantial covering; but within, the delicate of modern times might have conveniently harboured, where at that day the most fortunate in life sometimes did. It contained a goodly number of books, and a spinnet which, if old fashioned, was still prized as one that could not be easily replaced. At a window that gave to the south, Leah had passed many hours of her untended life, reading or working, even at business letters in a foreign tongue, viewing the blue ocean across tree-tops, and even at times descrying her father's carriers that brought him so much wealth, and occasioned him so much anxiety.

Leah closed softly and locked the door. It was easy to strike a light, but the dead embers on the hearth refused to give warmth again. She read her Bible, and made her customary

devotions. Her heart yearned towards Nannie with interest and affection inexplicable to herself. Why should she feel so bound up in one whom others cared for only to despise? She was indeed united to her by a tie over and above the claim of penury that held her to a good many others, but what she could not tell, and had long been in the habit of meeting her, though not always by night, at less or greater intervals. She read the letter which Nannie had passed to her, with deep interest; it proportioned to the times she reached the end only to return to the beginning, and at last, taking from an escritoire several others, she perused them by the decaying light. But the pleasure or duty she found in this, carried the already advanced night far into the morning watches.

At last she had retired to her pillow, and just parted with her light, when the sound of footsteps surprised her. Some one was rapidly approaching the door. The next moment the handle was rudely grasped, but without opening it, and she heard a well-known voice exclaim: Daughter! Leah Seixas, I say!

As she answered, it continued: — That horrible woman has been with me. Yes, in my room this instant. She raged and said, Blood for a soul! blood for a soul! I was standing on the cliff, and as I turned she pushed. I caught on a rock, these fingers, Leah, holding to a slippery rock! Help! O God of Abraham save me! No mercy, she said, no mercy, Leah—But here the voice became inarticulate with excitement.

Leah was greatly alarmed, for her father's presence, even on ordinary occasions, was hardly soothing; but now she was sure he was come to upbraid her for her absence that night, and for meeting one he had passionately more than once in her life forbade her to see or speak with, a command she had long but ill obeyed. It was her conscience made her tremble, and in a moment she thought so.

Are you ill, sir? she asked. But he waited not for the question, and continued:— She will murder me some day, I know it: why dont you save me? And then, as if giving voice to the terrible picture of his imagination, You will find me on the rocks

near Armstrong's—the surf will carry me—the sharks—you will know who did it.

Oh, it is a dream, father, replied Leah, compose yourself.

Dream, dream! she heard him mutter, and then for some moments he remained in silence.

At last his paroxysm seemed to have subsided, or thoughts of greed, as was not unusual with him, came to the relief of mental horrors that too often assailed him. His daughter had asked if she should rise and come to him, but without noticing the offer, he resumed:—'Did the letter say Captain Champneys had sold the batch, the whole batch? Yes, sir, replied Leah. And invested in proceeds? Yes. Enter the invoices the first thing in the morning; and there are the Spanish letters to go by the Isabel. And then hurriedly adding, Have you said your prayers? Curse the Christians for me, they have cost me many a thousand pounds; he left the door.

CHAPTER XI.

At this time Samuel Seixas was one of the principal merchants, not only of Newport, but of the whole country; for few in other provinces equalled, and none surpassed, him in extent of business or the results of its success. The trade of the Plantations was large for the few engaged in it, and its profits great. Seixas was the owner of many ships; his transactions with the mother-country were extensive, also with the West Indies, both English and Spanish, and again with ports in western and southern Europe. Cromwell's Navigation Act, instead of a hindrance he

lamented was an advantage he prized, since it kept down rivals and swelled his profits in proportion as traffic was close or indirect. His dealings in a trade, too, which then flourished in more than one English town, but which the humanity of better times has put under bán, were on a large scale and very gainful. By these means he had in the course of years heaped up a capital, which, even in these days, would be deemed extraordinary. But in the same time he had gathered almost equal share of popular dislike; for though his credit stood high both in Europe and America, he was known to his fellow-townsmen as a grasping, selfish neighbour, solitary in his habits, heartless in the use of power, and unbound to them by a single kind act or regard for the common welfare.

Whatever the passions of his earlier years, the vague flames of youth or middle age had long since been absorbed in one steady enduring heat. In old age, which was now upon him, the desires of his soul, the limbs of his body, his fingers and toes, were all turned to the increase of his store. Leah Seixas was his

only child, and she an orphan. He valued her like a jewel, and treated her as if she were a stone, though a precious one, never allowing her heart, or sense, or more freedom than he thought compatible with security, and exacting from her labour but ill fitted to her age or sex. But he mingled with his harshness a favour which many would think a redeeming one. His great wealth, which had but few outlets, he allowed to trickle through one that could never pass but a trifling amount. He liked his child to carry it over the Christians, whom he hated, and therefore allowed her unlimited means, which she was to use unquestioned; and Leah, though discreet in her demands on the cashier, did her father the justice, unknown to him, to spend a good deal on worthy objects besides herself.

Three or four old clerks, with several younger scribes, worked with him by day, but did not sleep on the premises, though, as already seen, he had coloured servants that did. Juba and Tabitha, an uncomfortable match and quarrelsome couple, were placed on the ground-floor as a light *chevaux de frise*

against nocturnal surprises. But Seixas kept what at that day was equivalent to or stood for, a French cook, both in cost and skill. This was a yellow virgin, called Dorothy, imported from Philadelphia, the Paris of these times. She was always like a stranger in the domicile, being a person of talent, and not being on the foundation; and looking to the rock whence she was hewn, it was impossible for her to company on equal terms with Juba and Tabitha. She was as fat as the Duke of Malakhoff, and almost as great in her profession; and for these and other reasons, Seixas lodged her in a purlin attic, where not the most scandent of mortals might assail her. She was calm and placid, on the principle of deep waters run smooth, and her virtues being encased, as stated, in very thick cellular tissue, her going up stairs at night was divided into firstly, secondly, thirdly, like a sermon, and lastly, on reaching the end she always gave an ascription.

The rising troubles of the country, which gave such delight to some, brought nothing but bitterness to Seixas. The rights of

persons and things seemed yielding before the gale of popular passion. His outer wall, which for more than a generation had been to all the boys of the neighbourhood a too faithful guardian of the mystery within, had lost its uses. He was fond of standing before his office fire of a morning with entrenched hands and flaring coat tails, listening to price currents, or other commercial lecture. Before that, he made his toilet in his sky dressing-room; later in the day he sat down to dinner, sometimes crossed the back of his ground, or issued from his front door on business, but on each occasion his eye was sure to fasten on one republican imp or more, viewing him from the top of his own ramparts. Oral remonstrance was thrown away, for the new ideas had blunted the effect of all impressive language. He even fired off a blunderbuss with but passing advantage, and subsequently procured a fire-engine with men to work it, but it made it very damp, and the cost was great and effect but temporary. Two English bull-dogs, fresh imported and warranted to be cross, were hardly more successful. Indeed

the lolling the head over a mural precipice, with such a deadly fate below it, gave a fresh charm to adventure, and made that irresistible which before was only enticing. The bulls, therefore, spent their efforts in barking, and besides errors in book-keeping, made it excessively dangerous for Seixas or his clerks to pass from the office, and not more easy to get back again, so he was obliged to order these excellent soldiers to be removed.

In their place he enlisted a member of the town force, at wages higher than usual, and stationed him inside his western curtain, under arrangements preclusive of any mingling with the domestic establishment. The recruit was in the prime of life, of rather a bold physique, certified as to morals by the mayor and council; and upon this as well as his healthy natural look, Seixas built the trust that he would be impregnable to any weakness, and regardful of duty alone. The man, however, was purely a man, though indued with a thin official scale, and about the middle of the first day was allured by very affecting odours from the novel arrearages. He had never been

posted near a proper kitchen before, and certainly his present experience was not more surprising than delightful.

Dorothy, who set more value on her own pleasures than the integrity of others, had acquired an instinctive sense of a new comer, even seen his phantasmic image reflected in a copper, and let her door fly in the hope that ere long the minister of justice would be attracted to her shrine. The hope was not disappointed. With the trusty sentinel, to be enticed was to yield, and upon slowly following up the direction with a view to approximate the source of such wonderful emanations, he was captured like a foolish fly by a fat spider. But instead of stinging him to death, Dorothy took such measures to sustain a full-blown life, that soon the process of pinguefaction set in, and the official brain thickening, his mental images became grotesquely inverted, so that he could no longer see what harm the boys did, and thought the Jew, his employer, an old fool, and that it was wise to resign himself to Capuan delights.

The result was disappointing to Seixas. He

was just congratulating himself upon having found an honest human creature, when his observing footsteps carried him to the rear and gave him a picture of the world as it is. He found the guardian of the citizens' rights, with a white napkin tied round his neck, lapping soup and paying his compliments to fricandeaux, now wiping his mouth, and now saluting the author of his joys. The double perfidy made Seixas melancholy. The unfortunate man who had means to gratify every taste, and to command every wish in life, except keeping boys off his wall, was left to think the expansion of constitutional rights invasion of natural privileges, and that the advance of the general freedom threatened individual restriction and much corresponding discomfort.

If Leah Seixas' thoughts sometimes dwelt on the deception she had long practised on her father, it hardly seemed a wrong, or it was one the events of a barren life might excuse. She had grown up under a too rigid rule, that it was necessity and even nature in some points to escape. She had no recollections of a

mother, and her father was a taskmaster, but had never excited in her the feelings due to a parent. His manner was cold and distant, oftentimes harsh, for many days together he never saw her, and when he did it was rather from occasion of his affairs than affection. He invited her to his table to grace the company of sea-captains and supercargoes; but at other times, though his discipline was unrelaxed, had no confidence with and seldom met her. He was proud of her beauty, but more that she was a half blood of Heber. He wished her to be proud and selfish like himself, and without much examination took it for granted she was so. The use of his money hardly caused gratitude in one who had always received it instead of kindness; but indeed poor Leah missing so much else, set little value on the cheerful commodity, and thought she would regret its privation more for others' sake than her own. With it, however, she helped the needy, aiding instruction, and winning the love of many in all parts of the town; but the Jews were few and the Christians many, and her father's treasure, for the

most part, solaced those her father would never have comforted.

She had attached a few of her own age and sex in the best families, but the intercourse with her friends was singularly unequal. It was only a short time in the day, and not every day, that she was allowed to go out and be mistress of her own actions; but the shades of evening ever found her a prisoner without friends in a house that had none. Companionship with Christians, in her father's view, was ever to be deprecated, though the rule could not but be relaxed in practice; but alliance by marriage with one, which to some seemed likely one day, would have driven him to distraction. On Saturdays she sat closely veiled in the gallery of the little synagogue in Bellevue-street, with a few inferiors, but hardly one equal of her own sex; while her father, with not many companions below, made loud responses to the chanting priest in the earliest of oral sounds.

As Leah advanced in years and stature, clerklike drudgery filled up many of her hours. At the same time she had one or two tutors,

such as the Jewish class at Newport could conveniently afford, but the Levite of the porch had given her much of the world's knowledge she possessed. He had even taught her Hebrew chants on her spinnet, old, he told her, as Miriam and Deborah, and certainly as lugubrious as they were old. From one or other of her teachers she had gained several modern languages, more to help her father's exacting thrift, than to furnish a naturally graceful mind; and meeting at times at his narrow board a Genoese, a Bordelais or a Spaniard, she had some practice in speaking their southern tongues. Lonely days made her fond of books, and in the library with which a generous giver had enriched her native town, she found a populous realm of pleasures where the people like the joys seemed to be all dead. With all these advantages, life could not be far from sombre to one whose puzzled nature had the choice of loving books or trade.

At last the thoughtful girl had grown into the obstinate woman. The disputes with the mother-country filled every mind; and Leah,

though her experience was narrow, and she thought there was no justice in the world but what she had known, took sides with the weak. Thus doing, she conspired against her parent's keenest animosities. In Newport her measures were confined to frequent contributions to the ever-open hand of Quarry, that led this receiver of rents to mark her as chiefest of patriot women. To the main too she sometimes sent liberal appliances for special objects, generally under convoy of Nannie. But here she was otherwise active, and her letters, at least to one person, while breathing hope and encouragement, often urged plans with sagacity worthy of an older general, and courage that would have adorned a more muscular partisan. Here again the Jew's fructifying waters irrigated the grounds of his worst enemies.

But there still remained a wrong to paternal rights, in this case worse than any, which a woman, and particularly one like Leah Seixas, was not likely to overlook. She had met by chance at the house of one of her friends in Newport, Hawthorne, the nascent

leader, whom we have lately seen closing up rivets on the opposite shore. The result, though not over hasty, was a compact of alliance, unknown to her father, and necessarily to be kept so. What Hawthorne offered with delicacy and deliberation, she had accepted, because her heart approved and her reason did not forbid it, on conditions which showed that, though Seixas's child could disobey harshness and injustice, duty was stronger even where self was more interested. Leah's surroundings were not cheerful, and she had corresponding pleasure in this novel illumination; chiefly that it enabled her to advance the good of others, and to drive the doves towards great objects that are too much given to pecking at trifles. In finding one worthy of her esteem, she stumbled on a treasure that might be useful to her country, and very naturally the excellent lover soon turned into a very respectable rebel.

Among Leah's few associates at Newport was Mary Hartley, whom the reader of an early chapter has met with on horseback on a suburban road not far from the town. They

had known each other from childhood, were not far from the same age, and among several intimates—for if the hampered maiden could excite love she had the rarer power of inspiring friendship—Miss Hartley had most her confidence, and oftenest assuaged by visits and sympathy, which Leah's father silently permitted, her dreary condition. The friends sometimes conversed of fate, foreknowledge, and judgment to come, but oftener on subjects within a narrower bound and more certain acquaintance. At times they were sad and sympathising, at others gay and rallying, for youth that can reflect every hue has also it own colours.

If Leah, whose home had stinging disadvantages, of which she never complained, took a cheerful view of everything outside her warehouse, Mary Hartley, whose domestic condition had her love and deserved it, found much to disapprove in the State at this time. The young men were wanting in refinement, less improved in their minds than gross in their bearing, and with the exception of those who had been educated in the public schools of

England or in French colleges, were below the level of good taste and proper intelligence.

In both sexes she remarked a wish to be considered smart, that inevitably led to scoffing, and was very destructive of sense; a want of humility which could not exist without refinement; a spirit of exaggeration quite incompatible with the habit of truth; an absence of reverence for things on the earth, and over it, little less than shocking; a looseness of thought that had no standard of right, and a conceited self-esteem that belongs to the lowest scale of ignorance and is seldom found above it. These the young philosopher thought were glaring defects, so universal that they must belong to the national character, and as there was no hope of better example or other remedy, in her opinion what was engrained in the bud must show in the flower.

And then, dear Leah, she would say, you know as well as I do that out of Newport and other large towns, one cannot meet with the decencies of life. It is not the simple manners of the tillers of the soil, in other lands neither

vulgar nor unpleasing, but an extravagance of sin and profanity, an invention of coarseness of habits and address, not more fertile than grotesque.

But you do not consider, would Leah reply, that it is a new country, with forests to be cleared, and that comforts and comity, though sometimes found on its surface, do not grow out of the ground. Many of our countrymen, I am sure, see more bears in a week than of their fellow-men in a month, and their wives must learn their domestic economy from the pigs, and their manners too if they have any. What are they to do?

Dont compare them with bears, my good Leah, replied Miss Hartley. Bruin has a consistency of character, of demeanour, which is respectable, nay imposing. But want of truth and love of bragging, the most astute trick and barest selfishness, dishonesty to men, and irreverence to God, manners that excel the lower animals in their own qualities, and change every day to new devices of excellence—these form a jumble that knows no rule and has no description, except to say first that

it is immensely ridiculous, and next very godless and wicked.

Oh, time will improve them, returned Leah; as the country fills up the rough virtues of its infancy will soften into something more pleasing; and a hundred years hence, if you happen to live so long, you will be surprised at the refinement and perfection of society.

Yes, continued Miss Hartley, if the outpourings of the jails and poor-houses of all the nations of the earth can bring either. Wealth may come, indeed must, with increase of population, in a land that has every natural blessing and beauty; but these features when gilded will be more revolting than now. If I were king of this country, proceeded the moral improver, I would make it a capital offence for any foreigner to remain here more than six weeks, or to enter at all, unless for legitimate business; and every man, woman, or child that could not prove their ascendants resident here in 1700, should be summarily expelled.

Would your own family continue with us? inquired Leah; it would not do for the

sovereign to be the first to leave. I did not think of that, replied Miss Hartley, smiling. But, dear Leah, you must admit, for no one denies it, that the people who come to us every day are of the worst description. And see the danger—they now outnumber the natives. I do not mean those noble wild men who are the true Arcadians, if Arcady ever existed, but the secondary indigenes, who it is but justice to say are inferior to them in every savage grace and Christian virtue. Now, if these inroads continue, they must shortly rule the country! And what a rule! Where then be your refinement and perfection of society? for I can hardly believe that a hundred years of such a rule will be improving.

Why not? inquired Leah; it is not necessary that the offspring of felons should still be familiar with a jail, and paupers may be the progenitors of rich men?

True, replied Miss Hartley, but honour, truth, refinement! No, I never will believe it, unless you prove to me that hyænas can beget antelopes, and skunks be great-grandfathers to flying squirrels. Your theory is

plainly more hopeful than just. Time, there is reason to fear, will not improve them. Wealth never yet produced refinement, and its pursuit is very far from ennobling. The grasping spirit will grow by what it feeds on, will allow no one to have children but itself; and as manners go upward, without religion, truth, and sense in the poor, the whole society are likely to be tricksters and mendacious. No, depend on it, our men will spit, swear, and cheat, and the women forego the use of mouchoirs, and boil puddings in their night-caps, and borrow each other's tooth-brushes, *des siècles aux siècles.*

Oh, they dont do that so much now, said Leah; besides, you must remember that pocket handkerchiefs have not been long invented, and tooth-brushes are a novelty, though I do not know what to say to the puddings.

How can a country, continued Miss Hartley, without noting the defence, have national character or virtue that is ruled by foreigners? Why, the basis of all virtue is self respect, and the essence of this to be master of one's self. Thence it follows, my sweet Leah, as day does

the night, that your land has not, and can not, have virtue or character save a bad one. And then their politics! What men! How can a gentleman who is always ducking to his inferiors, who lives on their breath, must flatter them, must talk absurdities and falsehoods, must ape them in more points than one, and allow the constantly rising scum to adhere to everything that shows head above the general level, be a man?

They do not read Jesus the son of Sirach, suggested Leah; wisdom is all written for us, if we choose to read it, but if one orders his life of his own notions he is likely to fail.

Mark the effect, still proceeded Miss Hartley: it is first to render our gentleman very mean and next very proud, but manhood is lost in the mixture. His daily bread is daily shame, and the diet is of the grossest. He is daily acting a part, and by consequence his life is a long lie and he himself the falsest of men—none so full of professions, none so empty of truth and right. This lying in the same bed with insolence gives him a porcupine

pride, and again the result is a sordid creature setting its quills at everything it meets. Moreover, let us say that in the Plantations the qualities that in other lands are confined to the obscene and abandoned overwhelm the whole society; everything bubbling from the mud, everything belongs to the bottom. In the social house, Snob rising from the cellar, runs through all the apartments, and looks out of all the windows in every storey. No! in the time you mention it is more likely will be seen here manners more dissolute and debauched than the modern world has known, and a government more corrupt and prostituted than could be possible in any other existing nation.

But it is only they who want office, again interrupted Leah. And they who have it not as well, returned Miss Hartley. Look at the candid Englishman, she continued after a moment's thought,—without concealment as without display, equally regardful of his own rights and those of others, never praising others, and never asking, never desiring it himself. Not schooled in daily hypocrisy,

not trained to utter balderdash, he is prompt, direct, and plain, looks what he means, means what he says, is what he seems; and because he follows truth without reflection is cheerful and courteous, ready and just, and has an efficiency in affairs that runs through cunning like a knife. Moreover, his humility, as it never wounds self-conceit, so no pretension in others can for a moment harm. He carries no open sores of vanity, flutters no flag on his forehead, never foists his history and achievements on strangers, you will never get an inkling of his merits or advantages from himself, you only see that he is—

A good-looking man, added Leah. I understand very well. No, rejoined Miss Hartley, only that he is a man, for they are not all good-looking.

Is it possible? said Leah. Well, that is a comfort, for I feared you were going to give them every good under the sun. My dear friend, it is clear that you have a very depictive imagination, and certainly your candid Englishman would be a very desirable fellow, but whether he exists anywhere but in your

own fancy, I cannot say, for I really do not know.

Miss Hartley seldom indulged in her present style but in the confidence of friendship, and that with her own sex. Her views on particular topics were vouchsafed to Leah Seixas only, whose estrangement from society in Newport might better try their justice, or bear them without offence. But at home she was accustomed to the stirring of recondite subjects; and this, with an exercised mind, had nursed some little didactic ability. Though her good taste exceeded her force, and the latter therefore was never misplaced, and never seemed to detract from the charm of manners that were gentle being polished, and lady-like because they were both.

CHAPTER XII.

THE spring was now far advanced, or summer itself was come. The warm gales of the south had brought back birds and flowers, though the duck tribes and their friends, who love cold waters and a chilly air, had fled before them. The lasses of Newport already had begun their Sunday-evening stroll to Easton's Beach. Aspiring damsels had toiled their way to Purgatory. Green parasols too had been seen on the smooth ascent to Paradise, in this age not often met with there or anywhere else. Though the first is not the place St. Benedict preached about, but a dead stretch of some fifty

acres on the high cliff of the sea, where the ground and the rocks under it have been greatly rent and upheaved, torn and projected into forms so vast and threatening that it looks like a host of fighting giants struck into stone. And this is the prelude to a scene of gentle beauty. Nor is that the Paradise where our first parents consorted, but the spot last alluded to, where some of the sons of the first man have found superior attractions, not that it reminded them of the Tigris or Euphrates, but that the rich Miss Dash or lovely Miss Blank was going to sketch there.

In the meanwhile the world had not stood still, at least this part of it; for as the streams were unbound and the soil loosened, the course of events seemed to flow faster. This was the case with political troubles. The stubborn will of the people on the other side became more bony, as the short nights in St. Stephen's, or at the opera, or the Marquis of Bute's balls, felt more close and stifling, and in proportion as the tea-gardens were more thronged, the plan of rending an empire became more settled. The broiling sun of America, following on a

very cold winter, as it made intercourse and meetings more easy, also heated the passions and zeal of patriots. And though the catastrophe was yet to be stayed awhile, the chimera was so short a way in the distance, that few persons failed to see it and most earnestly studied its looks.

Society in Newport had also made some steps forward. Dutton, a scion of one of the best families, blameless in life and manners, even bashful and retiring, with a kindness for books and quiet work, but having a congenital turned nose, more his mother's fault than his own perhaps, which made all his remarks seem to be said aside, had, as Quarry had foretold he was or would be doing, laid serious propositions before Miss Champlin. Miss Champlin was in the prime of youth, very beautiful, and surrounded by other prime circumstances as well, and would no doubt have made an excellent wife for Dutton. Her father was one of the old school, for in every age an old school retains the virtues not extant, very tall, rich, and elegant, always wearing silk stockings at two guineas a pair, and sending down to his

daughter his own neat polished views of things and precise fondness for harmony of outline. Indeed she was much admired and far renowned, and many of the first young men would have given their little toes to be her accepted.

In accordance with the rule therefore that the bashful and retired man always carries off the prize which the bold and better accoutred hardly dare think on, Dutton made the attempt. But everything was perverted for poor Dutton, even the rule in question. Miss Champlin behaved with the greatest gentility, assured Dutton he would always hold a high place in her esteem, and finally that she would think of it. But in thinking she did not think well of it it seemed, and at last her cogitations went to the extreme of discovering that it was impossible. Which conclusion she announced in a single word, of a hot day, about one of the clock, with nobody in the parlour but themselves; Dutton having rendered himself by appointment, for Miss Champlin had a foolish superstition that it was proper to return his treasure in the same place where it had been

proffered. Directly the result became known, there was much depreciation of Dutton and general surprise in town, particularly with Quarry, that he should ever have thought of such a thing. And Dutton himself immediately took to a continuous perusal of the Elegies of Tibullus, having already got through the pastoral writers.

In carrying out her compensatory system, fortune had in the same time united Tew to Miss Cummin. The young men of Newport and others at a distance, heartily pleased at Dutton's discomfiture, were no less dismayed at Tew's unlooked-for assurance. Prudence Cummin was a young heiress who at this time filled a space in the public eye. Her parent, mortal like the rest and already dead as Cæsar, had despatched his adventurers north and south, but it was principally in Davis's Straits, and under the cool breezes from Lapland, that squadrons of the rich baleens were met with. He had cut from the sides of these monsters much of the comforts, not to say elegances of life. For instance, a fine house, fine furniture, carpets of Turkey, and handsome straight-

backed chairs, that no vertebrate animal could sit in with comfort, though use in that age could reconcile one to self-sacrifice. He had found imbedded in the same, talented masters for the budding Prudence, as well as a high-priced harpsichord and other discordious instruments from Ludgate, and in addition a constantly flowing stream of fashionable music of Handel and Haydn, the solemn beauties of Purcell, and the cheery madrigals of Doctor Arne. And Prudence had warbled and played so, that the sound reached the commercial quarter, even the waterside, and allured the attention of Tew.

In short the same creature that Jonah treated so ungratefully, had in a few years raised the house of Cummin to the last pitch of refinement. But the man Cummin who had turned the beautiful sea-water of so many degrees of latitude to cruel crimson, and doomed such tons of flesh to the misery of keen-edged barbs, which, if navigable mountains have pangs of sufferance great as the beetle, must have been severe, had no immunity from the fate he inflicted. As he was one day heaving lazily on the crystalline sphere of his fortunes, the

great harpooner, greater than he, hit him true and finished him. Tew, though only a boutiquier in a strong-smelling establishment, may have been meant for something better, and probably was. For soon after Cummin had shown his fin above water, he had made up to Prudence, and pressed her to share with him the results of the great fishery; and Prudence, on the principle perhaps that it is well to take a saddleback when you can't have a true sperm, had favoured audacity that came under so soft a name, and hence no little surprise and commotion in the society of Newport.

But these distinctions are vain in the eyes of love. The demon is as much pleased, in his ethereal mind, with a shopman as a knight, and if he does not find people genteel he makes them so. Thus it was in this case. Nothing could exceed the grace with which Tew slipped into his happiness, his air was soft, his figure sleek, his mouse eyes twinkled with emotion. The ceremony was concluded, the little greasy papers with a pinch of plum-cake had been sent round, the bride had seen company, and nothing remained but to run

away from their friends. This it was determined should be towards Philadelphia, then the fashionable jaunt of occasion.

There were two ways of getting there; first, in a sloop, that navigating the Sound, doubling Sandy Hook and skirting the Jerseys, entered the capes of the Delaware, whence it followed a route with which every geographer is familiar. The length of the voyage depended on the winds more than anything else, but was seldom greater than two months. The overland route, though not so much affected by the winds, hung a good deal on the state of the roads, and might be done outside of three weeks in one's own carriage. Either was considered excellent practice for new-married people. The being rolled across the valleys of undulation in the same tub, or shaken together in a box, was a symbolical experience of the most useful kind. The Tews chose the latter; for they had good horses, and a coach as heavy as a small house, which these poor animals were to drag over a considerable portion of the earth's surface, and had wisely determined to take their time about it.

The fat Clevelands however at last reached the county of Bucks, and swung their legs along the old York-road, very thin and tired; and the Tews themselves had a feeling that they would rather drag the vehicle than be inside any longer, for they were very stretchy, much bruised, and had a constant disposition to cock their legs out of the windows. They took up their lodgings at Mrs. Linn's, a large house in Second-street near Market, formerly inhabited by Galloway, Secretary of the Province. The guests included several old bachelors, and among them one named Bee, who was anything but a bee, for he made no honey and cared not for flowers; but all these single men were extremely fluttered by the new arrival. Here the Tews spent several months, much visited and invited out by the first people, their wedding-tour protracted by the agreeableness of their sojourn and horror of getting into their coach again. Mrs. Tew was much admired for her lovely manners, and Tew himself was looked upon as a highly cultivated and very amiable man.

About five miles from Newport, and rather less from the southern shore of the island, stood in these times an old-fashioned house, sometimes called the Rectory and sometimes by its proper name of Whitehall. In the first years of the century it had been the abode of an Irish dean, now remembered as a bishop, who had come to the island on schemes of benevolence but ill requited by fortune or the people they were meant to benefit. After living for many months at the Generous Indian, with a train of learned men numerous enough to fill the faculties of a college, he had planned and built this house to his liking, being well stocked, as a Dean should be, with exchangeable values, and in due course established himself and literary family there. But also in due course the Dean died, having some years before tired of his new house and new country and returned to his natal air. Since then, but long after the Dean and his successors to be named had left it, the house was destroyed by fire, sparing the library, or at least the books it held, and a small timber adjunct, which latter cleared of its blackened

ruins now points out the site but not the extent of the pile. Its gardens and lawns have been obliterated by the plough, hedges and espaliers rooted out, terraces overturned and trees planted by the founder, or preserved, have as completely disappeared as if they had been men and women.

This was now the home and for long years had been of Doctor Hartley, the incumbent of Trinity Church in Newport. The Doctor had lost his partner so many years before that the two children she had left in tenderest infancy were now grown up. Mary Hartley was the elder; her brother Henry, much her junior, had been long away in England, at school or the University. He still remained there or was now on his way home, for his arrival was looked for almost daily. Besides his children, Hartley had another inmate, John Fitzgibbon, a bachelor, who had lived with him, it was generally thought, almost as long as they, and with them filled a chief place in his thoughts and affections.

Fitzgibbon had been at some time or other invested with priestly functions, for the old

women that swept out the aisles of Trinity remembered his appearance many years back in the reading desk, on occasion of the regular shepherd, then more heedless or inflammatory than time had since made him, having slipped his shoulder on the ice, or allowed his bronchial tubes, usually a very fine organ, to be minished to a very small pipe by the severity of the weather. Simmons too, the sexton, had once heard Fitzgibbon in the pulpit preach on the old French war, as singular a subject for a sermon as Mather's discourse on the Navigation Act, on which occasion a collection was taken up at Trinity for the widows and orphans of Colonel Pepperell's regiment. But with the public there was a leaning to the view that Fitzgibbon had imbibed the character of priest imperfectly and by degrees from long association with Doctor Hartley. At any rate he had been on a very long furlough.

The old house, large enough to enclose a dozen full-grown disciples, had come into the keeping of the Hartleys just as the learned Irishman left it. The solid furniture, im-

proved with age and giving a high idea of early art as connected with instructed bachelors, was hardly moved or at least seemed disposed just as it had been more than half a century before. A roomy library, in a large room, which they found when they entered, which stayed when they went, has since been borne off to Yale. It was well stocked with theology and equally so with voyages and travels, and the captains of Elizabeth's reign rather outdid the divines, though at other times the balance was restored. Here the Doctor and even some of his friends had stretched their intellectuals with Cudworth, had fortified the imagination with Sir Thomas Brown, and if there was anything good in the Doctor's preaching, which some people denied, it was owing perhaps to these exercises. He had had indeed nearly a life use of the library. The tall folios and odorous old quartos, that probably decided his early choice of an abode, were touched by his picturesque regrets, when late in his decline he took leave under peculiar circumstances.

Next the library was an off-room known as

the Doctor's study, though it also served as dressing-room and sometimes did duty as breakfast-parlour, and in this he was seated one morning before mid-day, hunting in his pockets a little Latin A'Kempis that usually lodged there, at the same time waiting his servant Ptolemy, for whom he had twice rung, having allowed a liberal interval between the citations.

Hartley was glad to see his friends at all times without exception, for they interrupted nothing, not even eating. But his parishioners, *quoad* parishioners, whose chief recommendation was their having accountable souls, he preferred to counsel, not in the evening when he ought to be studying, nor at night when he was sure to be sleeping, neither in the morning when he liked weather admitting to be in his garden, and above all not at the dinner hour when he was doing what prepared him for all the rest, but at a time set apart of forethought for studying parish cases with sweetness. This time was now near at hand; but Ptolemy's waste of moments threatened to lessen or annihilate it altogether. He set himself to read

therefore ten lines more of his book, and having done so rang for the third time; but at that moment entered the mirthful horseman without a cause of an early chapter, who might be called Ptolemy or Phil at the pleasure of the company, and indeed was so.

To the Doctor's address: Phil, why dont you come sooner; I have rung at least a dozen times?—the Doctor heard but the same excuses with which he had been acquainted for a good many years. Well, said he, Dum dum Ptolemy servus niger expectat, Illabitur ævum —days may go in coaches but minutes ride fast horses. Understands wery well mass'r, replied Ptolemy with a chuckle. Is'nt a gwine for to feeget my Latin. Dum, dum—I is simper pratus—thinks you will find all ready, sir.

The short aspect of things seemed to warrant the assertion. The Doctor's naked head and neck soon surmounted a broadly founded pyramid of white, his arms, his limbs, down to the ends of his black toes were gone, and even the chair he sat on was lost to sight, save a cushioned supporter behind, against which his capital reclined at an angle that

carried his visual ray to the ground many yards from his feet. With wings he might have passed for a coarse angel, excessively heavy and badly formed.

There was a crowd at the post-office, said Ptolemy. Ah, replied the doctor composedly, what is the matter? One man said he specked they was duckin vitches in Boston harbour; but I guess it wa'nt that. I guess it was a big fire in York, they say Coenties slip is all burnt. But a little boy told me the Governor of Massachusetts was stopped a cod-bone in his throat, and is sent up for the great Mister Gardette to distract him. Any way there was an express come in, I seed the hoss a standing at Dodshaw's.

The Doctor uncrossed his legs and turned his eyes, but as his interest rose, his expression became difficult, and he had to content himself with a look that signified nothing, or was unobserved by Ptolemy. Goody me, I never seed sich a hoss, said Ptolemy. He looked to be soaped all over, his nostrils was blown out like red peppers, he shook like a young lady. The man said——

Something po—, ejaculated the Doctor, but the incomplete word was caught on the threshold and smothered in gyrations of solid foam. I knows that man, continued Ptolemy, as he turned to the table, and looking his master full in the face, went through measures longer than necessary, or not required at all, and then added: He druv the stage into Providence once. After several moments silent, but not unoccupied, and just as he seemed on the point of allowing the anxious portal to open, he ended—His name is Jem Bowman.

Never do so, exclaimed the Doctor, with irrepressible excitement, when you see I want to speak; when you are telling me something interesting, never do so again, sir! Beg pardon, mass'r, said Ptolemy, I did not know you wanted to speak, I thought you wanted to be shaved. This remark unhorsed the Doctor, or at least turned him from his road, since, forgetting his wrongs, he gave full swing to his desires to know what the man said, or what news he brought. What did he say Phil, tell me, what news?

Curious't thing ever seed, replied Plotemy.

Wa'nt his fault, though. Anyway they guv him orders to ride hard, an if they doosent guve him nothin else it wa'nt no business of hisen. He's done his contrack, and that's the summut o' the thing. But what news, asked the doctor, what the nature of the despatches he brought? Spatches, replied Ptolemy, he's got no spatches, they never guv him none, he knows nothing o' what it's all about. What! the express come without his news? exclaimed the Doctor.

Any way, said Ptolemy, as soon as the mayor heern it, he chartered the high sheriff's blood hoss, what carries the beer round, and ordered the biggest constable to lay out his grandest, an tell 'um all along the road the packet, or whatsomever it was, was left behind by mistake. Decidedly active man, Buffum! said the Doctor, approvingly.

But when he got to the Cross Keys, continued Ptolemy, the landlord told him it was all right. Four minutes arter the man sot out he'd seed a quare-lookin packet fuddlin about, and tuk it all in in a flash. So he got the stage ostler on his wild hoss that cant be used when the

load is light, for the Bay Guvnor would sartain promote him to jump a quarter o' a mile every minute, and tell the ob'vious fool he had'nt oughter went without his noos.

More intelligent, said the Doctor, than I should have expected in a small innkeeper.

Well, proceeded Ptolemy, as I was a standin potterin about, in comes the ostler, a tearin along to Dodshaw's in sich a sweat! He'd seed the express as he cum down a hill, and once he calculated he was in bawlin distance, but it aggravated his hoss, and he would'nt go at all if he bawled so.

Ah, he brought it, said the Doctor.

No he had'nt, resumed Ptolemy, his destructions was principally confined to tell the express to come back, an he had oughter cotch him in a mile or two. Extraordinary complication of errors, sighed Hartley. Well, there was a good deal o' wery bad language, for they was both wery hot, an the mayor scratched his calfs and did'nt know what to do, an several aldermen come up to know what the fraction was.

I can imagine poor Buffum's distress, said

the Doctor. An just then, continued Ptolemy, there was a powerful shout, for they seed the constable a streakin down the hill, an having arrived he eased his hoss, an looks about as if it were all correct. Come at last, exclaimed Hartley with pleasure.

I am sorry to disappint you, sir, replied Ptolemy, but the constable allowed he had'nt when they all axed him together. He said he did cross a feller with head down and tail out, that sung out to him to git out o' the way, an he natoorally tuk him for another express. He miscomprehended the landlord to say the ostler had tuk the packet, so he wheeled right round an fit as hard as he could, an would'nt stop to gabble with the landlord who was a hollering arter him, for he was wery anxious to hear the noos himself. Wonderful, exclaimed his master. So they is all three there, continued Ptolemy, a frettin at Dodshaw's, an I really expecks there will be a riot, they is so excited.

Strange, said Hartley, that three men and three horses, engaged no doubt at enormous expense, to convey important political in-

telligence, should run to and fro for a whole day, and not bring it after all. It gives one a low view of human nature. Prehaps it wa'nt no bigger than a shoe, interposed Ptolemy. The world is made of disappointments, continued his superior, speaking the sad reflection to himself rather than another, and it really takes a Christian to bear with them, and no philosopher can understand them.

CHAPTER XIII.

PTOLEMY having proceeded with his task, effected partly with his presence, and partly without, had at last smoothed the reverend supercilia, and filling a gold snuff-box, slipped it, with three pocket handkerchiefs, into one or another body pouch. Opening a door he ushered the Doctor into a drawing-room, where having placed a high-backed chair, he left him.

The Doctor, drawing on a mourning ring, seated himself, pondering the news the express had not brought, which he supposed must be painful because unknown, at least proportioned

to the obstacles that had blocked its way. The disappointment to others equalled his own, though neither could be relieved until due course of mail. But when, after the lapse of several days (the post rider travelled once a week only), this arrived from Boston, though it was stated the mayor had received letters, it brought no satisfaction to the general curiosity, for even if the fact were so, the municipal chief kept their contents to himself, The next weekly bag, however, or perhaps the one after that, gradually let the community into the knowledge of a collision, in which a good deal of the king's powder had been carried off; but, if this was the news contained in the missing packet, which was never ascertained, it had by this time lost in novelty, and also dwindled in importance, in view of rising disorders in other parts.

After a few moments he resumed, or rather wished to resume, his reading, but before he could find his A'Kempis, or remember that he had left it in the pocket of another coat, Ptolemy re-appeared at another door, with the words: Tilley the fisherman, mass'r. Show

him in, said the Doctor. In here? said Ptolemy doubtingly, as if hesitating to obey what he did not quite approve. Precisely, replied the Doctor: I make no distinction in the reception of rich and poor. See that he use the scraper and door-mat consequentially. But hardly had Ptolemy withdrawn, when, without surrendering his principle, the Doctor walked into the hall, and met Tilley just inside the threshold.

Ah Tilley, said he, how are you? Thank you kindly, sir, replied Tilley. Hope Miss Hartley be active. Without seeming to notice this, the Doctor went on to say: How is luck this spring, friend Tilley? Thank you kindly, said Tilley; with sudden sobriety; I am desperate up. Cod is extrordiny mean, bass is uncommon flat, and mackerel is all gone to the eastwurd, an the win is doin all it can to hurt the herrins.

Bad enough, said Hartley, astonished at this fishy unanimity of ill. That's not the wuss, said Tilley. What is? Why, as I was toppin the ridge tother day, the critter turned me bottom up, and I'se lost the best pair o' pins that never was, so springy like. I was a

thinkin o' gittin up a subscription—I shall take it kindly, sir, if you will be obleegin to write a pramble. Well, I will try, Tilley, said the Doctor.

I have been to the mayor, continued Tilley, an he says he will be obleegin to head the list with fourpence. He thinks the big subscriptions oughter to go to the head, as it will have an excitin effect. Well thought of in the mayor, said the Doctor; but Tilley, how do you get along now?

Thank you kindly, replied Tilley. I'se had bad legs with the rheumatiz all winter, and I'se not at all well myself. O, you must see Doctor Cornwall, said the Doctor, certainly you must. Do so by all means. Do not let me see you again until you have done so. And as he bowed himself away he continued: You must see Doctor Cornwall, see Doctor Cornwall, until his words were lost in the distance.

Of course, muttered Tilley to himself, as he left the house; why every hot arternoon I sees he a ridin to Paradise, an in winter I sees he riglar twice a week at the fish-stalls.

Hartley had not long resumed his seat when Ptolemy again broke on his reverie, to announce Madame Folsom. At home, responded the Doctor; and shortly there entered a stately dame, of years far advanced beyond middle life, though her figure was erect and seemingly active as youth. Her lace and lapels, her ruffs and riggery, her hoop that walked with the dignity of a rain-water cistern, and would have filled a large valley, her satins and starched ribands, hanging sleeves and tottering heels, her fan, her scent-bag and little flagon of Hungary water, together with a narrow cravat of purest white that encircled the neck, were all in the precisest form of fashion. She had moved from her mulberry coach to the middle of the rectorial drawing-room, with hardly a rumple in her proud feathers, and without the least change in her swandown manner.

The lady sank a foot or two of her height, the Doctor profoundly bowed, and both were seated. After remarks on the weather, which proved that this ill-ordered economy was as bad a hundred years ago as now, and inquiries

about Miss Hartley, that showed the contrary of a wish that she should be summoned at the moment, Madame Folsom proceeded to what was doubtless the object of her visit.

Sir Thornbury Folsom's boy, Doctor Hartley, said she, gives me a great deal of trouble. You know the poor child. His father left him his property without control, and he so completely devoted himself to amusements, that I cannot say now what he will have to live on.

Hartley did know the boy, both by reputation and sight, but because he had him not in mind at the moment, he asked: What is his age, madam?

Yes, he was so kind to everybody, and excellent manners, replied Madam Folsom. Poor fellow, I am sure while his father lived he never wanted a coat. He went to the mercer's himself, and at the year's end the bill was sent in and not a question asked. I declare I would take him home, but he is so lively and shines so in society. It is a pity to make him dull. So old as that! said the doctor. Just turned of forty-eight, returned Madam Folsom. I thought when he got into

trouble the best thing was to divert him. He had only two thousand pounds left. I got the Derbys of Salem to send him in one of their ships to India, and he was doing well, very well. But I have a letter last week—O, good sir, what shall I do?

Bad news? feelingly inquired the doctor. Thornbury was so trustful, continued Madam Folsom. Always saw things just as he wished, nothing could put him down. He is ill! said Hartley. No, not ill, she replied, he writes me he has invested his all in a speculation. Poor Thornbury was always so sanguine. He says, taking the large cities at ninepence a head, and leaving out little towns, and the profits are wonderful. What is it, again asked the doctor. He has paid two thousand pounds, sobbed Madam Folsom, for a rhiny-rhi-noceros. I am not clear I have the name right. He has consigned to my care, and will follow himself in two months.

Ugh! exclaimed Hartley, thrown off his centre by what seemed an extraordinary piece of extravagance, but feeling at the same time sincere commiseration. It is an animal, you

know. Animal, interposed Madam Folsom, I never could bear animals; how shall I ever take him home? A large animal, continued the Doctor, wishing only to finish a harmless sentence. O, cried the lady in apparent agony, he knows I have only one best spare room! A horned snout, proceeded the Doctor, still insensible to the pain he was inflicting, and really wandering to the son of Amos, and the Hebrew name he gives a similar being. Heavens! exclaimed Madam Folsom, bring salts directly.

At this stage Hartley was awakened to a sense of his maladroit conduct. His first impulse was to ring for help; but before he could make up his mind to rise from his chair, a measure in that age not lightly adopted, he observed some hopeful symptoms. Looking upon himself as the guilty cause of an imminent swoon, he sat watching his victim with terror and anxiety; but before the latter had completely gone off, the energies of a hale constitution began to work, and there were plain signs of returning ability. While his companion was recovering self-command, he tried

to find some topic of consolation. There is a Zoological Society in the town, you know, said he, but I am not sure they would be able to accommodate him.

No, no, she hastily rejoined, while ruffling her fan; I cannot let him live at a Zoological Society, it is not respectable. But the creature, mildly returned the Doctor, what is to be done with it? O, Doctor Hartley, she answered, what can be done, would not he stand at livery? Even supposing Dodshaw or some of the stable men, replied the Doctor, would receive him, the expense would be enormous. If I remember my reading rightly, he must have a cold bath every morning.

I still think, he continued, you had better apply to the Society. They may be willing to take him for what he no doubt is, a stupendous natural curiosity. But you are aware there is a town ordinance against the introduction of dangerous beasts, and should the mayor proclaim him——

O, I hope he will proclaim him, interposed Madam Folsom.—He would not be allowed to land, added the Doctor.

Would not he put it to death? asked Madam Folsom, after a pause. He is innocent, madam, hinted the Doctor reprovingly, brought from his native jungles, and slimy river banks, where nature made him a burden to nobody, certainly without his fault, probably against his will. Good Doctor Hartley, said Madam Folsom, you are so sensible, so prudent, I leave the matter entirely in your hands.

By no means, madam, exclaimed Hartley in alarm, my hands are so full—to visit the sick, school the children, reclaim the erring. He would probably have gone on swelling the tide of parochial duties, had not the lady apparently relented in her determination, or shown signs that her meaning had been misunderstood or exaggerated.

Finally, the Doctor's suggestion seemed to both to have value in it; and after further inquiries, which he answered as far as he could with perfect good will, Madam Folsom took her leave, with the intention of being further active in the matter, never before, perhaps, having secured lodgings for so uncomely a

foreigner. I declare, said the Doctor to himself as soon as the door had closed on his visitor, were Mary or Henry to send me such a present, I believe I should jump out of my skin.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAM FOLSOM was the widow of a Nova Scotia baronet, Sir Thornbury Folsom. Sir Thornbury having a competent estate had spent several of his early years in London, where, either at Brooks's or the Cocoa-nut, he often met a Hertfordshire squire, who, inviting him to his country-house, presented him to all the county. At a neighbouring seat he made the acquaintance of an heiress. Several others, it seemed, had friends in the neighbourhood, and were rusticating like himself, and a young clergyman from Oxford, who was also on the

ground, was peremptorily said to have already engaged the heiress's hand and affections.

This undergraduate in life had an open face and cheery capacities. He was not of those prigs of divinity, youthful or middle aged, that sure of their being priests are doubtful of their being gentlemen, and go through life asserting the feeble title rather than performing the real orders. He was not the son of a bishop, to be a dullard and a pluralist, with four livings in uncontiguous counties and himself a resident of Mayfair, emulous of fashion and frivolity, and sure to be damned for neglect of duty; but a maiden adventurer with a mind and a conscience, which he was to use in humble corners of the world if not in high places in the church, and kept as the greatest of blessings. So much a stranger here, that he was to bear wrong in the heart without complaining, and look upon obscurity as no loss, and value wealth as a piece of earth, and fame as the wind, and pride as impossible, and be disliked because of his unusual views, and mistrusted for his singular system, and to

die with the ease and satisfaction of a caterpillar passing into a butterfly.

But to Sir Thornbury, at present, he was different from, and hardly as much as this. The Grecian from Brazen-nose, thought Sir Thornbury, with a good deal of brass in his own perhaps, might no doubt be easily driven off, but the able men from town would not be so readily disposed of. He saw, however, at a glance that spirit would carry the day, and took his line accordingly.

Going to pay a morning call at Lamer, he found an indignant bull chasing one of Sir Thomas Garrard's maids through a stable-yard. Throwing the endangered girl by a vigorous effort into a goose-pond, he had just time to close a gate before the beast of fury was upon him. The story, of course, was soon known, and redounded much to his credit, though the foolish maid could never be brought to be grateful to her deliverer. Another day, approaching a ford on the river Lea in time of flood, he saw before him the coach from Luton Hoo embarrassed about two-thirds across. Plunging in without a moment's forethought,

though the depth was over his saddle girths, and tangling the heavy coachman by both his stumps, he cut or unbuckled the traces regardless of the deprecations of the ladies inside, with effect to let the horses walk quietly ashore, dragging the coachman through the water instead of the coach; while the latter went careering down the stream, and was not heard of for several days. Of course the contents were not there to thank him, but there was one who much admired his daring.

Again, Sir Thornbury was so zealous to recommend himself, that, hunting with the Lord of Kimpton, he tumbled, horse over man, down a hill nearly into a chalk pit, killing three invaluable hounds and endangering his own life with the rest, his reputation for bold riding rising accordingly. In the same design, taking the house-steward running home with a pound of fresh butter for a buck in his first grease, he gave fire and sent the steward to his grave, though some years after, with bird-shot in his legs.

Rapidly mounting in the heiress's favour, he often danced with her at balls. More than

once he helped to escort her home very late at night, all the party being on horseback as was the fashion of the time, or at least of the Hertfordshire lanes, preceded by a mounted serving-man bearing a big lantern on the top of a long badger-pole footed in his stirrup. The lantern illumined almost as large a circle as a lighthouse. Upon one occasion the pharos was summoned to stand by a London highwayman. Sir Thornbury, from the bottom of the cavalcade, at once divining the nature of the obstacle, pulled from his holster a pistol as long as his forearm, and clapping spurs to his steed drew trigger in rushing to the front. He came up just in time to find the serving-man's horse kicking out in the last agony from a rear shot, and Robin Hood holding death on the point of a sword to the domestic. A blow from the butt-end of Sir Thornbury's horse-piece, and the lady's maid and others galloping up at the moment, caused the lawless man to give in, and jumping aside he leapt a hedge that no one could see over and disappeared.

The time had now come for Sir Thornbury

to propose to the lady's friends to be allowed to propose to the lady herself. The young clergyman from Oxford had grown very melancholy, and already given out that he was going to embark for the Plantations; and the London men, congratulating themselves that their bones were whole, had gradually left for town. The long result was, that the lady was afterwards and in another hemisphere known as Madam Folsom.

Their married life lasted a good many years, most of it in America; but almost from the wedding day Sir Thornbury's spirit seemed to have migrated to his partner. At any rate, from an early period, the gentle heiress had resolutely drawn on the pantalon d'ordonnance, and found the dress not only useful but becoming; and from the same time Sir Thornbury appeared to his best friends to be growing every day more diminishing and unimportant. At last he had suddenly slipped away from his advantages, leaving his widow a much freer use as she thought of her limbs and faculties than she could possibly have while wearing an ox-yoke. When he had

taken leave, it was found that the heiress's property, having been well assured, was rather improved than deteriorated by time, and that Sir Thornbury had devoted his own estate to an only child and son, who subsequently disappointed the expectation that he would be ruled in the paths of safety as his male parent had been.

Madam Folsom, thus hardened into middle age, and from that to a rich widow, returned as she thought to her proper position, though far on the western side of the hill. She resolved directly to put a more considerable distance between her and the Bay of Fundy, for Bluenose society at the period seemed to her overcrawled with littleness not agreeable to her enlarged knowledge of the world. And as Newport was then reputed a capital of good taste, and nearly if not quite the head-quarters of fashion for a continent, she chose at once to remove there. She had now for several years been established in her new residence, where she filled the station that belongs to wealth, to family, and to one who inclines to make the most of them. Living from birth

in the best society she was familiar with the usages of the *beau monde*. She drew from her own innate resources a fondness for directing which her married life had confirmed by a considerable amount of the best kind of practice. At best she had but disparaging recollections of matrimony and Sir Thornbury. What on earth, my dear Russell, she said one day to a confidante, could a woman do with a baronet in her house all day? To which the old lady addressed is stated to have replied, she thought he might do a good bit of ironing or at any rate clean plate.

Education at this period even with the great was rather Malmesburian, and its results competitive; and it was a too-common remark that ladies could charm but not spell. At any rate, Madam Folsom, among other licentious habits, always spelt which with one h. But she had business talents; and, indefatigable in her control over agents and instruments, had one pigeon-hole labelled 'letters unanswered,' and another for 'letters unanswerable.' She knew more law than a great many judges, which is not saying much perhaps, but she

owned a persistency of words that has made the fortune of many a barrister, and the want of which has often made a licence to practise an empty permission. The gentlemen of the long robe rather favoured her advances, for the management of a considerable property demanded more or less their intervention, upon the delusive ground that female weakness mingled with the flowings of a good exchequer must make the best of mixture for a client. But few even of the most distinguished long cherished the expectation or deemed the principle an unexceptionably true one.

Madam Folsom always alluded to her son in company as Sir Thornbury Folsom's boy, as if inclined to shift accountability for his birth. At times she had been known to style herself his putative mother; but even in undress she had never for forty years or more given him any higher degree than boy. It was not exactly an effect of this that young Thornbury now reflected a good deal of white light on his lateral fringes, that a natural lawn had expanded considerably into the bush of his low occipital plain, and a liquidity of the eye dis-

solved somewhat its fascinating effect. Madam Folsom always spoke of him tenderly, and never before others referred in any way to his faults. So that he still enjoyed a crust of reputation, which, though jagged round the sides, with stretching cracks and ominous depressions, still retained something of continuity. She had really a good deal of affection for him, though he had run sharp traverses across her views, and for many years whistled cock-a-hoop to her most earnest wishes.

Young Thornbury's family gave him the entrée of society north and south. Madam Schuyler's and the Bleeckers at Albany, the Quincys and Hancocks in Boston, the Clymers, Lewises, and Penningtons in Philadelphia, the Gouverneurs, Robinsons, and Morrises at New York, were only some of the houses where he was a guest, if at hand, though he was a butterfly that never stayed long in one pasture. But in each of these cities he gathered sweets in a lower garden of pleasure, and consorted with the boldest and most wanton flies. He smoked and tippled with the scions of the

overslaugh on the Hudson who called themselves the Dutch dragons, and if not graceful in their derèglements, made up in solid quadrangular will what they wanted in airiness. He gambled and drank deeper with the bloods of New York, who then showed in their divertisements true English persistency. With the ryots of Penn's city he was particularly intimate, and not unknown to the loose Catholic sprigs who herded at the head of the Potapsco, in a town then very small, but very wicked. Thornbury had even driven four in hand across the floor of musical pine-woods, and ferried sixteen rivers to see what was fresh and curious at Charlestown, then the Ultima Thule of civility; but he found these Thulians on a general level of free life and luxury that seemed hardly to admit of distinguished excesses.

When Thornbury was younger than now, his mother believing, if his hawse-holes once got a turn round the mooring-blocks of matrimony, his waywardness must end, had cast her eyes on the horizon to find a suitable match for him. Several offered; but at last her ma-

ternal judgment chose the Patroon's daughter, then an apparent coparcener in broad bottoms of the most surprising extent, and though a very small Dutch figure, an heiress of the largest proportions. The Batavian blood was at that period very sly, but somewhat modest, and rather deferred to the currents that were akin to Plantagenets. Madam Folsom was acquainted with the Patroon, and now did her best to refurbish and anoint the intimacy. She broke the matter to Thornbury by degrees, and skilfully. His empty exchequer, she said, would well bear replenishing, his threadbare reputation be the better for respectability; perhaps the male heir in a right line might die, and a Folsom be the richest man in the provinces. But, at any rate, here was a harbour that had enough that was certain and all that was agreeable, and she urged him to put off the old Adam and strike in like a man and a Folsom.

Thornbury smiled and consented to her wishes; but still he was sure she would not have him. Why not? said Madam Folsom; did not Van Schaick get Kitty Phillipse, and he

was an uglier man than you? At last she dressed Thornbury in a clean shirt, and sent him to Albany for the winter, with a full purse and a well-considered plan of campaign. In November he was to be attentive, by Christmas he was to fall in love, and with the first warm days in February to propose. The first landholder who smoked his pipe long of a summer's evening, on his country stoop, within sound of the Cohoes, had an eye for his tenants and another to young men. His only daughter, who liked nutmeg cheeses, and was not indifferent to sour kraut, had always pictured love in her Belgic imagination, as a little shrewd old man with a pen behind his ear; and young Duyckinck, who arrived in town about the same time with Thornbury, and stayed there as long, had a design in his head that he was sure no Folsom living could disappoint him of.

These elements were unfriendly to the scheme, more by default of the actor than the author, and the result was, that Thornbury deferred his attentions very long and postponed his passion still longer. The bottle at dinner parties put his mother's love-plans out of

his head, and his losses at cards drew her money from his pocket; so that, instead of proposals to a young lady in the warm days of February, he was forced to submit propositions of a different kind to an old one. But the same mail that carried these to Madam Folsom also informed her that Duyckinck was proclaimed the accepted suitor of the Patrooness. Thornbury returned to her side a dejected but not a rejected man. In truth, faithless and lazy, he had made no effort in the direction his mother wished; and now, sensible of the advantage of such enterprises, was only too anxious that she should fit him out as well for another expedition of a like kind.

Thornbury had in the course of his life spent a good deal of his own, and done the same kind office to a good deal of his mother's money, and would have carried his benevolence further, had she not some years before dropped a portcullis that he could not get even his fingers through. She had housed him at intervals and was willing to do so at more than moderate cost to her proprieties; but in truth he was a bad lodger that discomposed

her happiness. If she received him with the best intentions, the pact was sure to be too intolerable to last long. Of this kind had been the occasion of his late voyage to India.

In this hot climate, among the strangest of strangers, with his liver a little touched, he was more disposed, for the first time in his life, to melancholy than pleasure. But minding the object his mother had impressed on him at parting, or obeying the line of national character that stiffened through the efflorescence of individual genius, he felt bound to fly at fortune, and make in a single coup what would restore him in the shortest time to a congenial country. The speculators who had first inveigled the poor water-beast, it need not be said, were only too glad to find another speculator to take him off their hands. But the widow had now reached a point no longer admitting of indecision or parley, and which, if Thornbury should come home, would leave him no home to come to. Increasing years had made her will more rigid that was always somewhat horny, and the same cause perhaps had exasperated Thornbury's defects. I am

convinced, my dear (she spoke to an intimate), it is impossible to have comfort with boys in one's house, and I am determined never again to have one in mine as long as I live.

CHAPTER XV.

At this time at Newport were two boarding-houses, called respectively Potter's and Whitfield's, originally colonies founded by the overflow of Dodshaw's patrons, but which did their part in harbouring the numerous summer guests. The ancestral Potter was a thick-set Quaker, or rather would have been a Quaker, had Quakers been lawful, eschewing buckles, and not concealing his opinion that cocked hats covered much wickedness. But as the 'cocket' beaver was then in vogue, and the flying flaps of Potter and his quietist friends exceptional, this was not favouring to the general people.

If his house was small, his principles of conducting it were small also, for he prohibited card-playing, and immured all the gentlemen under lock and key in the dining-room every day during the hours assigned to the ladies bathing. A cruel plan, for these Naiads were slow dressers and slower travellers, the distance to the beach, the only thing that has not changed, being the same as now. Even on horseback they seldom outdid a bag of meal, and this was the usual mode of carrying their duty to Neptune, sometimes two or three on a pillion; but those who walked rivalled the bag of meal without the horse, and enjoyed a proportionate share of the looks of the sour sex. There was some excuse, or at least cause, for this acidity, for from the time the first deranged made her rush from the door until the last was housed again was usually three hours.

The captives exhausting other resources soon sank into politics, and with the lapse of half hours indulged in harsh words of the sex that was the cause of their misery. From this it was an easy step to vilify Potter, to cut up the country, to abuse the authorities abroad,

and at last as their liberation approached, they were found rubbing noses together in festering excitement on all these subjects. While this evil was going on, the fair would be ducking and dabbling with no other witnesses of their insane conduct than the he *quashies** beneath their feet, or a masculine cod that had illegally wandered inside the surf, where according to the Pottery constitutions only female Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers should at that time be. If the disruption of colonial ties was owing to one cause more than others, that will probably be found in Potter's bare dining-room, with deal tables resting on coffin trestles, and damask brown as the winding-sheet of Alexandrian mummies, where some of the first men in the country daily wounded themselves like crabs in a basket through much of the long desert between breakfast and dinner.

Whitfield's could hardly hold a larger number of guests than the unpopulous Potter. The Whitfield of the day was a man with a dropping lip and lame side, and besides being a

* King Crabs, so called in loco.

Christian unattached, was very fond of reading, and not at all of talking. He entertained Puritanic principles for their economic results. Without making open advertisement of these, he preferred to secure their benefits practically, and he believed that if left in the dark at half-past ten at night a Puritan himself could do no harm until after breakfast the next morning. Accordingly at that hour he went the rounds with a cudgel under his arm, and a remarkably unamiable dog by his side, to see that every light was put out. And though we cannot say that he ever used the cudgel, or set the dog on people in their night-dresses, yet the fact of his being accompanied by both undoubtedly weighed with persons in that timid state, and seldom left room for a second request. In addition to his lodging-house, Whitfield was librarian of the Redwood, or at least his dog was, or at any rate they assisted each other. In one respect he compared favourably with Potter, since the males of his flock were not locked up with an empty dining-table during the ladies' bathing-hours.

Seated on a high-quartered saddle, with a

large shoe-stirrup that might have held both little feet as well as one perhaps, and pursued by Phil, Miss Hartley was one day wending her way towards Newport, at an hour that would bring her there in good visiting time. Dismounting in Bellevue-street, and leaving the horses to her attendant, to be stored in Dodshaw's stable-yard, as was usually the plan, she said—Phil, I must first go to Sessions', and then have some visits to pay at Whitfield's. Ptolemy bowed, and waiting the regulation distance followed his mistress down the street. They soon met two young gentlemen, strangers to Miss Hartley, dressed in the height of fashion, with extravagantly-flowered vests and high-clocked stockings, who showed respectful, though palpable signs of admiration not unobserved by the lady herself, not of Phil, but of his mistress. On coming to Ptolemy, indeed, one of them whispered him in passing, Who is she, Moses? The question excited Ptolemy's mirth at the expense of the inquirer, but met with no satisfaction. Without further adventure reaching Sessions' door, Miss Hartley entered, leaving Ptolemy to measure the paving

stones, or amuse himself with whatever branch of geometry he might prefer outside.

At least he had leisure to reflect that the day was warm, that the sun shone on the opposite pavement, that edging himself close up to Sessions' door he could not be seen from the inside, and also to devise a plan of tinging the moments with pleasure as they passed. Ptolemy had an ineradicable proclivity to sentimental situations, but bound to a brick wall, on the shady side of a street, in a hot climate about mid-day, did not now seem likely to find one. Like the fakirs in the East, however, who adore the floating atoms in the sunlight, he worshipped objects almost as many, and was seldom long out of door without making his devotions.

At present he soon saw at an attic window a shy Susannah, of curious affinity of complexion with his own, who investigated her natural curls, more crisp and glossy than long and flowing. He had not long opened smiling communications, when lowering his eyes they caught a naked-armed house-tender, at a more convenient distance, reflecting her burnished

face in the wet marbles of a door-step. His looks then at times making excursions on either hand, in the first of these fell on a veritable princess of orange lightening her noontide leisure at a half-open door by looking into the street. She wore a turban of real Madras, with hair so violently dusted, that her face looked like autumn woods bearing up a panoply of dirty snow.

Ptolemy was complicated, and the demands on his powers of ubiquity certainly great, but for some time each of the three reposed in the conclusion that she was the single object of vision. At last, when least expected, Susannah shot down a scowl that wounded like a butcher's knife; the virgin on all fours, gathering up her implements with indignant haste, that must have left her task but ill-accomplished, vanished inside; and the princess flung-to her door with a slam not to have been expected from her high condition. At the same moment, as if the house of his fancy were all tumbling together, Ptolemy heard a movement beside him, and turning met the wondering looks of his mistress: Why, Ptolemy, you are asleep

I believe, said Miss Hartley. But it was probably the suddenness of his disenchantment that caused an appearance which to another seemed lethean and somnolous.

Miss Hartley resumed her walk, and, passing through Church-street, shortly reached her destination. On mentioning several names—for a visit at Whitfield's was always a compliment to be shared by partners—she was admitted and ushered into a parlour on the right, to find several ladies, and at least as many gentlemen, reading, working, or talking, or perhaps doing all by turns. Of these, Miss Singleton advancing to greet her, took her hand, motioned her to a seat, and showed by words and looks pleasure at seeing her. This young lady was about Miss Hartley's age; but a peculiar kindness of address, a look of intelligence, and sometimes of fire, the melody of a full-toned voice that lingered on the ear as if the ear loved it, and a natural grace as round and flowing as the beauteous form it belonged to, bespoke her of Southern birth. Indeed, her family was of the highest and most esteemed then existing in the meridional colonies.

Another, Miss Harrison, a fair, pretty girl, with remarkably small eyes and thin manners, evinced delight at her visit by silence, and then prepared to put an interrogatory by stiffening herself in her chair. Miss Morris of Morrisania, also one of the hosts, was a lady several years out of her teens, with little comeliness of face, with less than the usual allotment of height, with more than ordinary breadth, a voice that missed several notes of the natural octave; and while the colour of her hair should have been on her cheeks, the hue of the latter might have passed on her hands, saving the freckles, though the former was obscured with toilet flour, and she had on black netted mits. She was courteous and pleasant, and seemed to have long had the habit of forgetting herself, else it might have been thought she would have suffered from chronic embarrassment.

One of the gentleman, Jay, of New York, was a young man of thirty or thereabouts, slender and spiritual, with a singularly vivacious countenance, agile in movement, quick in speech, and withal of agreeable and polished bearing. Another, Mr. Livingston, an elderly

of the first class and purest pretensions. His wife, much younger than himself, was also present, and going up to her, he asked, What have you got there? It is only a bachelor's button, replied the lady. I shall take it away from you, my dear, said he, it may suggest improper sentiments—and was as good as his word.

Another idler at the apron strings was Suckley, also of New York. He belonged to a family that had dipped in trade, indeed moulded their fortunes out of a great Russian staple; a circumstance always mentioned by good-natured people when his name was spoken, though he had never heard it. He had been a traveller, and was often in search of some one to tell his adventures to; but his desires met with counter wishes, though at present he thought he should show great moderation in making a demand on Miss Morris only, for it was his opinion that ugly girls could never resist.

The conversation likely to arise in a morning call, though this varies in every case, was not less brisk than usual. Some one remarked that it would be very gay when the troops arrived, now soon expected. Yes, said Miss

Hartley, there will be a great many parties, and I daresay they will get up a ball at the Redwood. It is said they are very fine dancers, at least the Guards, added Miss Singleton. Indeed, I have heard they have regimental dancing-masters from Paris. Very likely, spoke Jay, at any rate the Blues have a French woman to teach them to ride. Will they parade often? inquired another. Very often I believe, again replied Jay. It is a very warm day, observed Suckley to Miss Harrison, to which she replied, Shocking hot.

But it has occurred to me, said Jay, if ladies are so fond of reviews, they would have greater enjoyment in a real battle. Not at all, rejoined Miss Morris; they like the former for the same reason that people prefer artificial to natural flowers—they are almost as pretty, and then they dont die.

What are those called, Miss Morris? said Jay, laughing. Pins in Hertfordshire, she answered, wires in Scotland, and needles here. People spin with them, or weave, or make a fishing-net—dont they? Rather stockin net, replied Miss Morris.

Have you seen Carroll since he came back from France? continued the gentleman, and what do you think of him? Oh, he is too much like an Indian, all bows and arrows, replied Miss Morris, and I think him an original. Aboriginal you mean, said Jay.

At this time Suckley approached Miss Morris, and threatening as she thought to cut her off from the circle, said: What are your politics, I hear your father is a rebel? I should wish to know which side Mr. Suckley is on, before I take my part, replied Miss Morris, calmly. Well, I think the whole thing a bore, he replied; they have cut down rents in South-street, that is all I know. Is your friend Miss Chew dead, I do not see her this summer? I do not know whether she be dead, said Miss Morris, but she writes me still.

I have just returned, proceeded Suckley; only been home a fortnight. I have been up the Mediterranean, seen the Acropolis, the vale of Tempe, and all that sort of thing. You must have been quite at home in Greece, said Miss Morris. Why, I did learn something at college, he returned, but I have been so

knocked about, it has all melted out of me. I daresay you ladled some up before starting, she continued, as if pursuing his own metaphor. Not much, replied Suckley, and what I did try did not give me much light.

Our party attempted, again spoke Suckley, to take a beautiful Greek girl from a band of Turks, though we were quite strangers to her. Either fate must have alarmed her, replied Miss Morris. Most of us were killed, said Suckley. But not all, interposed the lady, in a sprightly way. I believe I was one of the very few that escaped, he continued. Surely you cannot have a doubt of it, returned his companion. I declare if we had not got away from their scimitars, I think we would have been killed too. Very likely, she replied. And probably would not have been here to tell of it. Perfectly certain, said Miss Morris. And our friends would never have heard of it, unless somebody had brought the news, continued Suckley. No, they never would, she affirmed. It could not have got into the papers, you know, unless somebody put it in. True, said Miss Morris. And then

imagine their heart-rending grief, said Suckley. I think I should have killed my mother. You would have fallen under criminal law if you had, Mr. Suckley, replied Miss Morris, gravely. Oh, you forget, I would have been dead too, said Suckley. No difference, she persisted, if I had been king's attorney I would have made it doubly sure.

Miss Morris sheltered herself closer to Miss Singleton, as Suckley turned away, with the secret conviction that she was the most benumbing young woman he had lately met with. Amiable it might be, but unidea'd to an extent surpassing ordinary credence. Indeed in these few minutes she had affected him with a torpidity that condemned him for some time to silence. His repose, however, was not enduring, owing to the extraordinary conduct of Miss Harrison, who suddenly excited an émeute of the most surprising kind. Whose servant is that? she exclaimed in a painfully high voice, while looking earnestly through a window. Why, what an odd man!

The company gathering round her anxiously sought the cause of her alarm, and to Miss

Hartley's extreme embarrassment their looks directly fastened on her unfortunate man-servant. Standing in the street, with unsteady footing on the kerb, Ptolemy, still infatuated with a divinity that seemed resolved to ruin him and every one belonging to him, gazed devotedly towards an upper window, while his features expressed in turns despair, hope, and the most vinegar aspects of a sour fortune. Either the Delilahs of Thames-street had followed him here, or he had flushed a new one under Whitfield's roof. His raised organs overpassed Miss Harrison, though for some time she had faced the battery directly from its front, and was so much nearer to him than the point at which they aimed, and now were alike unconscious of the assessors she had brought to her side. There were other spectators, too, as Miss Harrison had observed, for the young cavaliers Ptolemy and his mistress had met in Thames-street were now standing on the door-step.

Oh, exclaimed Jay, amid a general mirth not respectful to the god of the world, and yet impossible to restrain, it is an owl on top of

the house, they were trying to shoot it yesterday. And another at the bottom, I think, said Miss Morris, reprovingly. Still the great actor went on with his part, thinking only of two eyes above and neglecting the many others fixed on him below, until the word Ptolemy twice or thrice uttered by his distressed mistress dropped the curtain on his too-painfully exciting part. Unluckily for him the curtain was only figurative, and his shifts and blushes amused while they raised a show of pity in his kindly overlookers.

Good-looking fellow, said Mr. Jay, as the company turned from the window; pray, what is his name? They sometimes call him Phil for shortness, but his name is Ptolemy, replied Miss Hartley. How can Phil be the short of Ptolemy? objected three or four voices at once. Yes, but I think you will agree it is short for Ptolemy Philadelphus. Indeed he came from Philadelphia. Mr. William Bingham recommended him to my father, and said as he was born and had passed his early years in Alexandria they had given him the name of Ptolemy. And it was Mr. Fitzgibbon pro-

posed the addition of Philadelphus, which seeming appropriate was accepted.

At this point a lady who seemed at home in the house entered the room, advanced a step or two, and then came to a stand-still. She was a personable body, in age about forty, with an uncompromising figure and large regular features, but their expression at the moment grave and even severe. She confronted each face without obeisance or recognition, and then eyeing an empty seat beside Miss Morris, strided towards it and settled therein. If silent before, she now redeemed a character for volubility, and poured words into her neighbour's ear without stint, in a voice intended for her alone; but this end was imperfectly secured.

Oh, said Miss Morris, in low and soothing tones, perhaps he helped himself. Impossible, my dear, continued the lady, quite impossible. They are all marked Todd as plain as can be in infallible ink, and numbered successfully, and I never give Todd five and six until three and four are in the dirty sack, so that I can always fell with impregnable certainty where to find

them, and though he consumes more here than he does at home, it would be cruel indeed if he could wash up two dozen in a week; that is not creditable in Mr. Todd or any one else, and Todd would as soon help himself as jump over this house, you may depend he would.

Well, replied Miss Morris, uneasy lest the conversation had caught the attention of her companions, and wishing to end it on any terms, I have a great many towels that are entirely at your service, and my maid will give them to you at any time. Do you look at your under-clothes, my dear? boldly asked the lady, solemnly winking her chin. That yellow girl——

But before this surprising question could have its full effect, Miss Hartley had risen, and making her parting words quitted the house with her attendant. Phil, said she, after a few steps, as if bent on chiding though unwilling to be severe, how could you behave so? I is so susceptible, missis, said Ptolemy. The apology if not an excuse seemed a recommendation, and made the questioner even more gently-disposed than before; but she again asked:

How long has this affair lasted? More nor twenty minutes, replied Ptolemy, leastumways ever since you is been in the house, missis. Miss Hartley, with a great deal of delicacy and consideration for an attachment, but amazed at the short career of this, which seemed to have run the briefest course she had ever heard of, left the subject though not her astonishment.

At her departure, the company seemed to break up, for several left the room. But presently Suckley, whom the repulsion of Miss Morris's heaviness had driven farther than he at first expected, returned in great haste from the street to announce the startling intelligence that the British ships with troops on board, long expected, at last arrived, were now to be seen bearing down on the sea line. The house was at once astir, the hermits came out of their rooms, the sleepers from their rest. The fact was interesting in every relation, the grandeur of men of war to those who had only seen traders, the quality of their freight to ladies who had never mingled with army men, and still more to others who had, the stir the event must make in the excitable populace,

and the routs and gaieties that must follow in its train, justified feelings that were ready to rise above common difficulty. At once there was outcry for a high situation; and it happily turned out that the house they were in stood near the top of the hill Bellevue, and was itself a tall though ungainly building. It was thought the roof must have a trap, all houses having some mode of getting to the outside of their covering, and on asking the servants, it seemed there was a trap, and to this, therefore, a crowd of ladies and gentlemen repaired.

Myddleton of South Carolina, Governeur, Robinson, Delancy, and other men of fashion, joined in the ascent; and among the ladies whom the event pushed on this unusual adventure, Mistress Todd was not the least curious or bold in inquiry. A winding stair, grand at first, but smaller as it got up in the world, brought them to an ultimate ladder, topped by a patch of blue sky. But as only one could mount at a time, and the observer, not knowing where the ocean lay, or perhaps which ocean was intended, generally looked across the continent, while keeping others

waiting, Mrs. Todd, when her turn came, resolved on making her pleasure more continuous, without delaying the joy of others.

With this view she took a slow seat outside, though the pitch was perilous, and for some time sat enjoying the repute of courage and ingenuity. At last a tremulous young lady, with her head out and looking to seaward, exclaimed that she saw the town of Providence. The surprising assertion acted on Mrs. Todd's frame like a shock or severe push. She gave a loud scream, and her supporters slipping away, her whole establishment of bones and members swagged or slid down the awful hill, until she caught a blind dormer in her arms, and thus stayed a progress that must otherwise have ended on the pavement. What she felt herself no one could tell, but the horror her situation inspired to others thrilled from the roof to the cellar. By consequence it brought up the indolent Mr. Livingston, who, willing that others should see the sight without him, had been reading a French book below. Mrs. Biddle, an elderly lady, was seated at one end

of the same room, and on hearing of the trouble wondered why they did not send for a doctor. Todd, who had just come in, on learning where his wife with others was gone to, and that something was wrong, again quitted the house and walked at a fast pace to an extreme point of the town.

Poor Mrs. Todd's late companions were not distingushed by bravery, for they hardly dared to look at her. One or two trembling investigators took a sly peep as useless as momentary. Gouverneur, on pretence of going to get a feather bed to lay outside, ran and locked himself in his room; but he was probably counting the feathers before parting with them, for he was not again seen until several hours after the service might have been of use. Some contributions to humanity, however, were made, and several mattresses, pillows, and even long bolsters were tumbled by unknown hands from upper windows, and much cluttered the street in front of the house.

Most of the ladies were in tears, and some in hysterics. Miss Harrison in particular was sobbing over each of the gentlemen in turn,

trying to excite a daring that really had no existence, though some said the case would have been different had not Mrs. Todd been a married woman. Miss Morris inveighed against this inhumanity to married women, with warmth, but was answered by Peabody, who said they always had a daughter closely resembling them in person and manners, and of course their absence was not so much felt.

Delancy avowed that if it was a nice slim figure, about eighty pounds weight, there was nothing he would not do. But Mrs. Todd was heavy and certain to prove definitive ruin to any man that meddled with her. Besides, it was Todd's affair, it was Todd's interest, and to expect an unmarried man to sacrifice himself for the completeness of Todd's household, was too much. Here there was a general summons for Todd, to which it need not be stated, there was no response. Finally, Myddleton proposed that they should shut the trap door and all go down stairs, and time, he said, would reconcile them to their loss.

At this point Mr. Livingston knocked his head against the beams of the low garret, and

with the remark that there must have been cats here, proceeded to examine the case visually. He was a tall man with short-sighted eyes, which he always shut when he wanted to see, or at least screwed them up until side pressure had much lengthened the lenses. He had lived much in France, and was a philosopher after a fashion then approved there as well as in the higher ranks of England, and even by the élite of America.

When he first extruded his head, he surveyed a stout chimney up the roof, instead of the sufferer who lay just the opposite way, and for some moments rested in the belief that the smoke flue was the living creature in distress. At last some one caused him to turn, and again applying his glasses, he said:—Awkward certainly, there will be no possibility of saving her. How calm she is, but it is always the way. Despair is a palsy of the sensations, as soon as she has given up all hope she will be as still as a cream-dish. However, it is a fine airy situation, and she will gradually evaporate without inconvenience.—As his awkward legs in descending felt for the awkward rungs,

he continued: This event will certainly have an important bearing on the state of public affairs; indeed it is easy to see it must have grave consequences for one side or the other, but in my opinion it will disappoint both.

The unfortunate lady, if trusting to her hollow friends of the upper classes, would seem to have had a poor dependence; but one of these at least was an exception. Miss Morris, as soon as she had made her last appeal, and that fruitlessly, went quickly down stairs and calling her father's own servant Quintus, despatched him at speed to the nearest yard to fetch two ship carpenters, or stevedores, or any other species of marine man. Quintus had not lived on the other side of Haarlem River all his life without imbibing some of the quality that spreads in certain neighbourhoods, as it does in certain families, and indeed having already observed the position, not by mounting to the roof, but from the ground view, his intelligence was enough for the occasion.

Accordingly, in a little while, though the time seemed long to Miss Morris, and probably longer to Mrs. Todd, he returned with two

workers of the right sort, bringing with them ropes of the proper kind. The naval wrights stated their terms, which were high, because by local custom service to humanity always ranked the costliest. They were, however, promptly accepted; but as Miss Morris dwelt on the urgency of the case, and the distress felt by every one in the house, the men doubled the contract, and as in assenting to this she remarked her willingness to pay anything for speedy relief to their anxiety, they again multiplied in price by two, and then proceeded to the roof.

Arrived there, one put his head and shoulders through the bight of a rope, and having a loose one in his hand was let down by his fellow. Marm, dont be roughened, said he, we are not gwine to ease yer into the street, we'll take yer up the wales. And quickly getting the stout yarn round Mrs. Todd's body, though she stoutly objected to moving either hand, he proceeded to parbuckle her with a rolling hitch, and crying out, Stand by, Webb—Now, marm, said he, please do like me.

Oh, dear man, dont leave me! cried or rather shrieked Mrs. Todd; but it was too late. Striding on bent toes with his head apparently six inches from the shingles, hand over hand, the man had taken the dangerous ascent. Mrs. Todd soon heard, Bowse away then, followed by a cheery Yeo ho heo, accompanied by a severe tightness under her arms, and certainly by aid of her deliverers more than her own exertions, she was lifted to the place whence she had set out.

She was restored in safety, not to her friends, for they had all gone, but to several black servants, male and female, who, having less feeling than Mrs. Todd's real friends, were able to watch the exhausted lady's rescue, and comfort her afterwards. The general rejoicing at her recovery was not greater than the general indignation at the fact, soon clearly established, that the ships were not seen, had at no time been seen, and indeed were incapable of being seen, having never been in sight. Who was the first coiner of the report that had led to such results, was never discovered; but it was plain that Suckley had

been an utterer, and in consequence he was obliged to conceal himself for several hours, and eventually left the house without again appearing at the public board.

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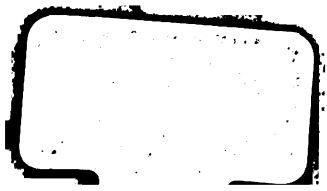
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